

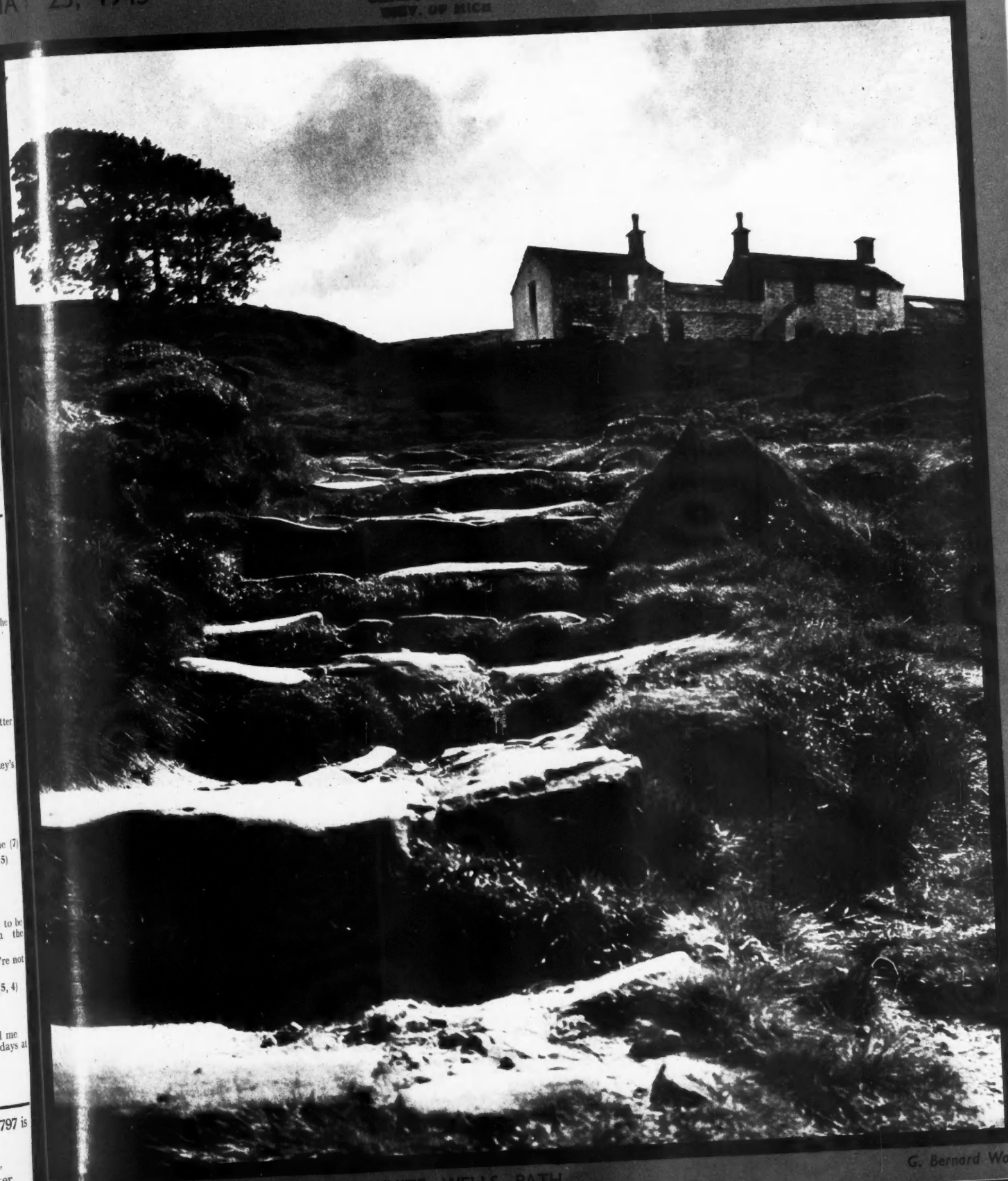
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ADVERTISING PAGE 886.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2523

MAY 25, 1945



Harlip

THE HON. SYNOLDA BUTLER

Miss Butler, who is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Dunboyne and of Lady Dunboyne, of Vale House, Clewer, Windsor, is to be married on June 16] to Captain Atholl Duncan, M.C., R.A., son of the late Mr. Walter Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan, of Prae Mill House, Gorhambury Park, St. Albans, Hertfordshire

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A SECOND EISENHOWER?

THE war has afforded this country a lucid interval, an involuntary respite, from the congestion and confusion symptomatic of a mechanised civilisation out of control. It has been a unique and priceless opportunity, while the vortex gripping Government, local authorities, industries, and public was slowed down, to overhaul the statutory machine of national life and equip it to keep pace with material progress. Despite those who cried "finish the war first" and "this war is for freedom," valuable work has been done. The three great planning reports, named after their Chairmen Barlow, Scott, and Uthwatt, surveyed the field, though few of their recommendations have been adopted; a Ministry of Town and Country Planning has been set up with limited powers, and a Minister of Reconstruction, still more shadowy, been appointed; and a notable series of plans for the greater cities has been prepared. The machine has been overhauled, is ticking over. But the power, even some of the wheels, are lacking with which it is to move abreast of the forces about to be released.

The review of the planning machine contributed to this issue by a Member of the Scott Committee is specifically critical of the time and opportunities almost if not yet quite lost by the Government. It should be read in conjunction with Sir Patrick Abercrombie's recent warning that the eleventh hour has struck before London—and other great wens—resume chaotic, or planned, expansion. Which is it to be? For the cities the crux of the matter is the creation of satellite towns, to which the only alternative is the old cancerous growth. A negative policy, forbidding growth but failing to direct it, will fail as certainly as it has always failed since Canute and Queen Elizabeth began it. The complicated questions involved go far beyond the scope of a single Ministry: Trade, Health, Labour, Building, Transport, Education, are equally involved with Planning. "A new instrument is required," concludes Sir Patrick, "to buy the land, to build the towns, and to negotiate with industry."

Our contributor has much the same tale to tell, relating how the Scott Committee pressed for a Minister of National Planning who should act as Chairman of a Standing Committee of these departments and direct and co-ordinate their movements. Instead, the crowd of Ministers, each making their own plan, has been added to but not given a leader, though Lord Woolton as Minister of Reconstruction seems indicated as the potential leader and co-ordinator. But he, and indeed the State, has little power in peace-time in connection with any matter involving the use of land owing to the

postponement by the Government—presumably until after the General Election—of a decision on the White Paper on Control of Land. A simple, reasonably equitable, and workable basis of compensation and betterment is the minimum essential, if the material forces are ever to be harnessed with social progress and not again to run away out of hand across country, till either the landscape is reduced to the chaos of the pre-war roads, or we all go over the precipice of Nationalisation.

But, adds our critic, even given the solution of the compensation problem, the need is still for leadership, and he looks for it in the same direction as Sir Patrick Abercrombie: to a Minister of Reconstruction presiding over a central planning authority; an Eisenhower of the home front to decide broad matters of strategy, co-ordinate the departmental Montgomerys and Pattons, and plan for Britain a victory as difficult but as resounding as that now achieved for Europe.

THE G.I.'s VADE-MECUM

ONE of the many war-time activities of the British Council of which the public has so far heard little or nothing is the production of a set of 84 very small *Guides* to fit the American Service Man's pocket and to tell him, in the shortest compass, the main things he wants to know about any British city or country area in which he happens to find himself. That these neat little illustrated broadsheets have already done their job and done it well is very clearly shown by messages of appreciation received from such distinguished

A WILLOW-WARBLER

(MOOSBURG, GERMANY. MAY 2, 1945)

*I MAY walk in the woods now
Where the spears of grass
Thrust through the fallen leaves, and rain
Spills from the trees I pass.
I need not wait now till you come near,
Nor grieve when you go where I cannot hear.

I may stand in the woods now
And lean by a tree.
Your fairy laughter I hear again;
In the breaking leaves I see
Where you go flitting above my head,
Free to follow wherever I'm led.*

JOHN BUXTON.

judges as General Eisenhower and Mr. Stettinius. That they have provided what the G.I. himself wanted is shown by the many millions of reprints he has demanded since the first million were exhausted. What strikes one most is the pity that they were not only denied to Canadian and other troops from overseas but that they were not long ago made available to our own men, who often find themselves, as they would be the first to confess, just as "strange" in a new area as any trans-Atlantic cousin could be. No doubt the difficulties of war-time production have made all this quite impossible; but it is a defect which can soon be remedied, especially as the British Council are already preparing a parallel series for the use of British and Allied visitors to this country. For these some of the information with regard to specifically war-time hospitality and entertainment will no doubt be superfluous, but if the new series is as good as the present one and the information as well chosen and as skilfully arranged—all of which the retention of Mr. Eric Gillett as editor suggests—it should play an important part in the Come To Britain movement.

RE-COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS

WHEN the war was at its worst we were insistently told to count our blessings that survived, and now that it is over we may count those returning to us. A flight over the North Pole is perhaps of too eclectic a nature,

but there is the promised petrol ration which touches us more nearly and may incidentally, by refilling the roads, give a little more room to the railway traveller. Then there are hopes held out of restaurant cars and that will be delightful if we can ever reach them through the serried passengers and the piled luggage in the corridor. Neither must we forget the "modest indulgence" of petrol for lawn-mowers. Our lawns, so long indistinguishable from meadows and golden with buttercups and dandelions, may in course of time and not without much honest sweat regain their old trim and shaven character. And then for those who love to watch cricket the third day allotted to the Whitsuntide match at Lord's between England and Australia was happily symbolical of the return of the noble game to something of its ancient leisureliness. Beyond the one overwhelming thankfulness there is a number of minor gratitudes and it is steadily increasing every day.

A VANISHING ART

BLACKSMITHS in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk are being offered subsidies to train apprentices in the art and mystery of shoeing a horse. This is good news but the need for such incentives is a little saddening. It appears that in some districts horses have had to be taken for miles in motor lorries in order to be shod and the particular method of conveyance is surely adding insult to injury. The ancient race of the masters of the horseshoe has been for years a lessening band and "hath not left its peers." The smith of to-day may have "large and sinewy hands," but he applies them to other and more mechanised tasks than did his predecessor under the chestnut tree. Those who are no longer as young as they could wish remember as one of the greatest treats of their youth the being allowed to stand for a while wrapped in ecstasy at the door of the village smithy. The flashing of the sparks, the cheerful sound of hammering, the sight of the patient horses, made up a sombre enchantment; the very scent of the place was worth the money. The smithy can never again attain all its old glory; that is one of the prices to be paid for the blessing of the internal combustion engine; but it is to be hoped that apprentices will be forthcoming to carry on a fine tradition.

TEN MILLION BOOT SOLES

IT has been computed that one species of insect costs this country 10,000,000 adult-size boot soles a year. The pest is the botfly, the same creature which was a few years ago publicised because of a wholly inaccurate statement that it flew at 700 m.p.h. The botfly, though travelling at under one-tenth of that speed, is audible to cattle, which fear its approach and may in the Summer months be commonly seen galloping in terror, with tails in the air, in efforts to escape. The efforts are unavailing, for the pest is probably able to fly at 30-50 m.p.h. and therefore to lay its eggs where it will. The eggs hatch into larvae which, after some parasitic travel and much growth, emerge as disgustingly fat warbles from their hosts' backs, by way of great boil-like eruptions which cause permanent damage to that part of the hide whence the best leather should come. This story is all too familiar to stock farmers and many other countrymen but the botfly remains uncontrolled, and an annual average of 40 per cent. of cattle hides are warbled, the loss being now borne by the Ministry of Food—*all* is the tax-payer. The cost of treating beasts with a dressing powder, as a protection, is only about 2½d. per animal, exclusive of labour, but many farmers do nothing because they receive (or think they receive) too little direct return for the trouble and expense, or perhaps because their neighbours do nothing about it. In a country where cattle are as important as they are in Britain the botfly ought surely to be recognised as a serious evil deserving serious (not merely local and desultory) opposition. Ten million boot soles are a considerable annual cost, and there are further very large but incalculable losses of milk and meat from animals which are warbled.



E. W. Tattersall

LAST LIGHT, IN COWLEY WOODS, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

WHEN one lives in the Avon Valley of Hampshire one has exceptional opportunities for studying the vagaries of late Spring frosts, those which seem to be specially ordained to catch both the unwary and the wary, and play havoc with the early vegetables, which are so vital to the country these days when no supplies come from the Channel Islands and the Continent, and the fruit. This year we have had the advantage of warnings on the wireless, but unfortunately so far as this particular district was concerned the savage frosts of the last two nights in the month of April were so severe that the forewarned gardener could do little to save the fruit blossom, early potatoes and other vegetables, which had made precocious growth during the hot spell in the early part of the month. Potatoes under cloches were cut back, others, which had been covered with straw and sacking, were blackened and destroyed, and it is too soon yet to assess the extent of the damage done to strawberry, apple and plum blossom—the cutting off of our fruit crops—by the frost, which was as severe in the air as it was on the ground.

* * *

THE peculiarity about a Spring frost is the way in which it selects growths it will affect, leaving others untouched, and there would seem to be no feasible explanation of its "choosiness." In a row of strawberries one will find six plants wearing those tell-tale black-eyes acquired the night before, while the next half-dozen have escaped entirely. Then come another series in the line with every bloom destroyed, followed by others which are unharmed. The same thing has occurred to the bracken on the Forest, and one will notice three or four high shoots browned off to the roots surrounded by a clump of equally forward ones, which are green and flourishing. With potatoes this selection for destruction is more general,

and whole lines have been blackened and withered, but it was noticed that a few which were in the shade of a large oak tree at the end of the row had escaped all damage, while others near-by, though prudently covered with sacking as the threat of frost became clear, had been badly affected.

According to experts who have studied its whims and fancies the Spring frost has a fluid action, tending to flow downwards like water, and, provided means of exit are available, it will continue to seek lower levels and not stay put to create damage. A low-lying walled garden, therefore, so far from being considerably safer than one exposed to every cold wind, is a veritable death-trap, and even a thick-set hedge at the lower end of an orchard will serve as a dam to hold back the frost, unless the owner cuts gaps in it to allow the cold air to escape. If this is the case, my garden, which is a catchment area and reservoir for frost, should be moderately safe from damage as the many gaps in the various hedges should provide as easy an exit for frost as they do entrance for straying ponies.

* * *

A TRAGEDY which occurred in this garden recently, when the chaffinches' nest in a chicken run was raided by a person or persons unknown and the youthful occupants carried away, might supply a plot for one of those very popular and inexplicable "whodunit" stories. Between the hours of 8 p.m. and 8 a.m. the young birds were removed from the nest, and in doing so the raider tore away some of the feather lining. The crime could not have been committed by the natural enemies of the

breeding bird—schoolboys—as they are not encouraged to "birds'-nest" in the garden. Moreover, the present-day boy, particularly those from preparatory schools, has no thought of interfering with either eggs or nestlings, and is far more interested in studying the results of the hatch.

* * *

THE nest was situated too high for a rat to reach it, and the branch on which it was lodged was too slim to carry a raiding cat. By process of elimination of possible suspects it looked as if the jay must be held responsible, but, as is the case with all proper "whodunit" stories, there are two most unlikely and exemplary characters intervening against whom there is, what appears to be, the most incriminating evidence. These are a pair of goldfinches. They on the morning of the tragedy started to build a nest in an adjoining crab tree, and the work progressed at a most unusual rate.

* * *

BY midday the foundation was laid with the walls well up, and it was then seen that the extreme rapidity of the erection was due to the goldfinches obtaining all the materials for their work from the chaffinches' nest a few yards away. In two days the blitzed nest of the common finch had almost disappeared, and the smaller and neater residence of the superior goldfinches was completed. The date happened to be April 30, and, on looking round the countryside, I find that this urge to complete house decorations by this date was not confined to the bird world only, as it seems to have occurred to quite a number of people that work should not carry on into May when the £10 limit operates, but so far as I know there have been no cases—or is it that we have yet to hear of this form of looting?—of raiding adjoining houses for the necessary materials.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US—II

THE STATUTORY FRAMEWORK

SOME MISFITS AND GAPS. By a Member of the Scott Committee

IT is now nearly four years since the Government of the day appointed the Committee on Land Utilisation in Rural Areas under the chairmanship of Lord Justice Scott. It is now nearly three years since eleven out of the twelve members of this typically British jury representative of the most diverse interests in town and country signed and presented what was hailed as a blue print for the planning of Britain. Surely the time has now come to take stock of the present position and to assess the value of changes which have taken place in the interim.

The circumstances of the appointment of the Committee formed a happy augury of future collaboration between town and country, for it was set up by Lord Reith as Minister of Works and Buildings in conjunction with Mr. Hudson as Minister of Agriculture. Shortly after, by the transfer of the Town Planning functions from the Ministry of Health, Lord Reith became Minister of Works and Planning and it was to his successor, Lord Portal, with the same title, that the Committee reported.

Our work on the Committee was not only determined by our terms of reference—"to consider the conditions which should govern building . . . in country areas consistently

with the maintenance of agriculture and in particular the factors affecting the location of industry. . . ." It was conditioned also by the findings of the Barlow Commission which made clear the need for, and the likelihood of, a spread of industry and housing. It was carried out in the light of the repeated promises of the Government, made in both Houses, that national development would take place consistently with national lines of policy to be laid down by a Central Planning Authority.

It is often forgotten that in 1917, in anticipation of the problems to be faced after the first world war, a Minister was appointed in charge of reconstruction. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that any hopes which there might have been that he would guide developments and become the Minister in charge of national planning were sabotaged by the jealousy of existing ministries. Mindful of this past unhappy experience, we deemed it our duty on the Scott Committee to suggest the Governmental machinery by which we considered our various recommendations could best be carried out. We suggested a Minister of National Planning or of National Organisation, of Cabinet rank, who should be free from departmental responsibilities and who should act as

the Chairman of a standing Committee of Ministers whose departments were concerned with the actual work of development. In this way we envisaged the all-essential coordination between the work of departments of equal rank each concerned with planning and development within its own sphere. In order to secure continuity we suggested that the Minister should be advised by a Central Planning Commission with a full-time paid Chairman (not a Civil Servant) and whole-time or part-time Commissioners chosen "on the basis of their special qualifications and knowledge as individuals of proved ability in their own spheres."

The Government did not accept the proposal. Instead, a departmental Ministry of Town and Country Planning was set up. If the status of Ministers is to be reckoned by the salaries attached to their posts then the new Minister is a senior, though not of Cabinet rank, but his Ministry of necessity starts with the handicap of being a junior among old established ones. The Act gave the Minister the power to appoint a Commission along the lines advocated in the Scott Report, but this has not been exercised.

It is a common rumour that the Government's decision to set up a separate departmental Ministry of Town and Country Planning was on the advice of a small committee—the decision of which rested on the casting vote of the Chairman. The difficulties envisaged by the Scott Committee quickly began to materialise. There followed the appointment of a Minister of Reconstruction of Cabinet rank exactly as advocated in the Report, except that he had still wider functions and sphere of work, being concerned not merely with physical reconstruction but also with other aspects—economic and social—of post-war problems. As the Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee of the Cabinet, Lord Woolton, the Minister of Reconstruction, has thus the all-important task of co-ordinating departmental reconstruction plans into a smoothly integrated national plan.

Did ever a captain have a more difficult team? Apart from the interpolation of a Ministry of Town and Country Planning with a sphere difficult to define, more than one other Ministry has shown a determination to have a very definite finger in the pie. Departments which, in their official evidence to the Scott Committee, declared they had no interest in planning and had no plans formulated are now regarding themselves as leading the nation.

At present it is clear that the danger is of too many cooks spoiling the broth and of the master cook failing to persuade them all to stir in the right ingredients at the right time.

Location of Industries

THE essential basis of all physical planning is the right allocation of land for the varied needs of the nation. In a crowded country such as Britain (with only an acre of land of all types (if we take England and Wales) per head of population, no piece of land is unimportant, none should be allowed to lie idle or derelict. Indeed, the specific question is not so much what is the optimum use in the national interest of any given acre of the surface but rather what are the optimum uses—the principle of multiple use as when moorland serves as a gathering ground for urban water supply, grazing for hill sheep and for healthy exercise for human beings.

The primary material needs of man include work, a home, food and recreation. If we put work first, then the site of the factory or of the office governs the location of the home. It is true that there is much rehousing to be done and that this need not, indeed cannot, wait, but otherwise housing needs are dependent on the location of industry. Where there are homes there are children, and where there are children there must be schools. Although these three needs are so closely linked in the lives of individual citizens, the location of industry has been allocated to the Board of Trade (incidentally, as recently as when giving evidence to the Scott Committee, the Board claimed neither knowledge of nor particular interest in the subject), while the



LAND SERVES MULTIPLE USES

The uplands, for instance, are gathering ground for urban water-supply, grazing for hill sheep and open space for the health of human beings



IT IS A NATIONAL DUTY TO PROTECT THE COAST FROM SPOILIATION BY SECTIONAL OR ANTI-SOCIAL INTERESTS

housing authority remains the Ministry of Health. The latter has required each of the 1,500 local authorities to prepare its immediate post-war housing plans without their knowing anything of Government plans for the location of industry. The location of the many new schools which are needed in the expanded educational programme is the concern of the Ministry of Education.

Local government has long been a strong feature in British life and now, more than ever, is there need for careful thought to secure the co-ordination otherwise lacking. Since the town-planning schemes which will thus emanate from the local authorities must go to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning for approval it has been ruled that the Ministry's regional officers must not give planning advice in advance. By wrongly regarding its own local enquiries as if they were judicial courts, the Ministry seems to have robbed itself of its most important function—that of giving the lead to local authorities in planning matters.

The need for food from the land brings in the position of agriculture. In 1938 we were apparently content to see, as a nation, 30 per cent. of our people suffering from preventable malnutritional diseases. We were apparently willing to spend large sums of money on curative medicine through hospitals and health services but nothing on preventive medicine by ensuring that at every wage level fresh food adequate for health was available for the people. It is well known to any market gardener in industrial region that, as unemployment increased, so the demand for any vegetables other than potatoes—the cheapest—disappeared. The cry has been for "cheap" food. Never was

there a greater need to pause and ask what "cheapness" as applied to food really means. During this war, we have probably been shorter of food than at any time in our history and yet for the first time everyone has been afforded a balanced even if only just adequate and rather dull diet. The principle is the right one—if any subsidy is needed it should go to the consumer to make certain that he does get the food needed for health—and after the war we shall need a vastly increased home production of the perishable "protective" foods—more milk, butter, eggs, vegetables of all sorts and fruit. In the national plan this means the right location for our greatest industry, agriculture. In this case right location implies allocation of suitable land with security of tenure.

It is utterly wrong to regard recreation as a luxury. Land for playing fields, urban parks, green belts and wide open spaces such as National Parks is an essential, not something to be grudgingly spared. It becomes a national duty to protect the countryside and the coast from spoliation by sectional or by anti-social interests.

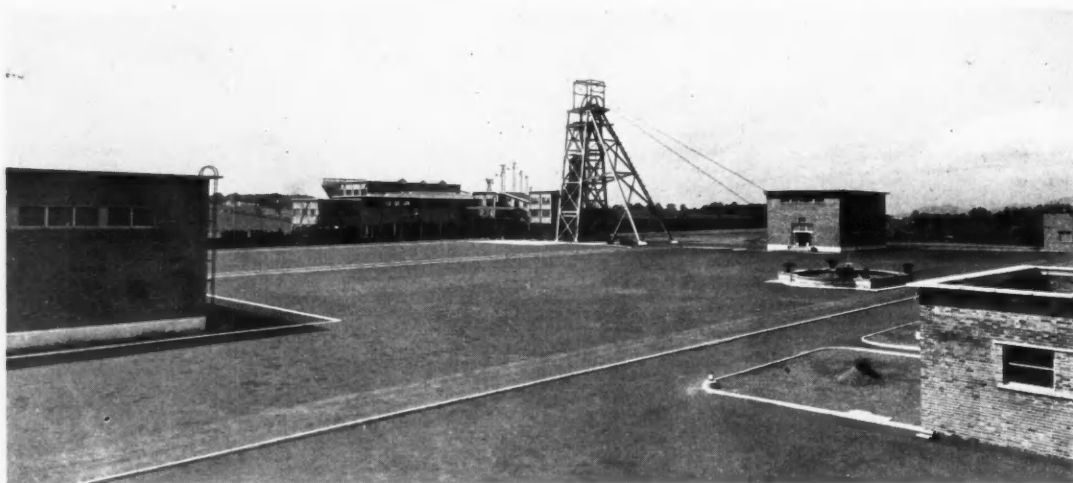
Penny Wisdom

PROBABLY the greatest single mistake made at home after the last war was the policy of curbing public expenditure, typified by the so-called Geddes axe. Just at a time when an expanding programme of public works was needed to counter the onslaught of unemployment we made matters worse by cutting down on expenditure. There are ominous signs that we have not yet learned the lesson. Perhaps the taxpayer is more far-sighted than the Treasury—he is concerned rather that he gets

value for money than that he shall be eventually granted threepence off the income-tax—a bird in the hand against one in the bush. The recent Requisitioned Land Bill was designed to secure among other things that where public money had been spent on land further money should not be spent in restoring the land to its original use. Yet where was the fierce opposition? In respect of commons, which, however used or abused in war, are in peace-time a literally priceless possession of the nation and on the restoration of which the nation is willing to see money spent. Unfortunately, the narrow financial view is cropping up everywhere:—because a war-time factory has been built in the wilds we are in danger of creating a peace-time depressed area by trying to perpetuate a new and unnecessary industrial centre. The nation wants Bodmin Moor—it did not ask the cost and the Admiralty graciously gave way. The nation wants the Isle of Purbeck because it knows that there are vastly more suitable areas elsewhere as tank-training grounds. If certain war-time expenditure has been incurred, let us cut our losses.

Why is it that a nation which can envisage and construct a Mulberry or throw a bridge across the Rhine in six hours says "impossible" to a long overdue bridge across the Forth or the Humber or the Severn and denies the benefit of reasonable road access to the magnificent western Highlands or the west coast of Cumberland?

Much of the house-construction which was carried out between the wars is now regarded as sub-standard—either architecturally or structurally. It is sometimes difficult to know which is the stronger term of vilification, "council



A MODERN PIT-HEAD LAY-OUT IN SCOTLAND. A fine example both of the standards encouraged by the Miners' Welfare Commission and of how planned industry need not smirch the countryside.

housing" or "jerry-building"—the latter applied to private enterprise. Both are unfair. There are many excellent examples of municipal enterprise—the worst cases are when a small rural authority has used an urban builder and a house in wrong materials designed for another purpose and another location. With regard to the so-called speculative building, the criticism too often comes from the more fortunately placed and is a form of snobbery—directed against well-built and comfortable little homes. Unfortunately the builder too often knows far better than the architect what goes to the making of a comfortable home, though the external effect may leave much to be desired.

Government enterprise, provided it gives the proper degree of freedom to those who carry out the general schemes, can achieve fine results. The pit-head baths of the Miners' Welfare Commission are a good example, and despite criticism of details (generally due to last-minute financial cheese-paring at the centre) the 3,000 agricultural cottages built during the last three years have set a remarkably high standard. But if we define jerry-building as the construction of buildings which are either aesthetically or structurally sub-standard we are in immediate danger of giving a general mandate to jerry-building on a national scale. The Ministry of Works acts as building contractor to other Government departments, and its works are outside local planning or other control. How the system is working at the moment may be gauged from a specific example. On the most beautiful part of the coast of North Cornwall is the little town of Bude. Its situation is delightful, but as a town it has been marred by some incongruous building—all the more reason for efforts to be made for a steady improvement. The whitewashed single-storied village school with its weathered Delabole slate roof is not an unpleasing building and at the side there was room for a much-needed school canteen. This has now been constructed—by the Ministry of Works for the Ministry of Education. Exempt from local planning control, it has been supervised by a Ministry architect. The breeze blocks of which it is built may be necessitated by the supplies position, but the bright red corrugated asbestos roof suggests that the architect is unaware that the latest building in the town is also the worst. What a pointer it affords of coming dangers!

Wanted: Guidance from the Centre

IT would, however, be unfortunate if this survey of the position left the impression that the outlook is wholly black.

The well balanced plans which have been drawn up for Plymouth, the Merseyside, for Hull, or for Greater London are examples of careful preparation. On the national scale reference must be made to the Research Division of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning under Professor W. G. Holford and the fine maps being produced by the Research Maps Office.

Everywhere there is evidence, too, that the basic ideas of co-operation between town and country interests for the national good are being realised and are being acted upon by the local planning authorities and local authorities throughout the country. At the regional level the smooth working of arrangements for consultation on housing sites between the officers of the Ministries of Agriculture, Health, and Planning has been most encouraging. Everywhere, too, the advice of the Ministry of Agriculture on questions relating to quality of land has been welcomed by local authorities.

If we presume that a balanced plan of development is drawn up by a local authority and approved by the central government, are existing powers adequate for its execution? In time of war, with close control of materials and a virtual stand-still of building, the answer is yes, and under the 1943 Act planning control has been extended to the whole country. But VE-Day is now past and since the General Interim Development Order, which came into force on May 1, is to last only while the Emergency Powers Act of 1939 is in force, the slight control it gives is likely to be short-lived. In the immediate future there must be a solution of the outstanding financial problem of compensation and betterment. The sanction of loans to

local authorities for housing is conditional on the approval of sites by the Ministries of Agriculture and Planning, but the refusal of permission for private development involves payment of compensation. At present claims for compensation seem to be made with the idea that, on the principle of the roulette table, it should not be related to the stake but to a winning number. It was to avoid exaggerated claims for compensation that the addendum to the Scott Report advocated the simple principle of a declared value for every parcel of land to be accepted for compensation and a wide variety of other purposes. Naturally, when the scheme was submitted to expert valuers it was declared, as stated in Parliament by the Minister, to be unworkable. There are those who urge that there is no solution to the general problem except by land nationalisation. But that was rejected by the Uthwatt Committee and the simplified procedure advocated in the White Paper on Control of Land has not yet been debated in the House. In essence the White Paper limits the compensation problem by proposing the demarcation of large areas of the country ("green land") as having substantially no development value. It is an eminently practical proposition.

Given the solution of the compensation problem, the need is still for the guidance of a central planning authority which shall lay down the principles according to which both local authorities and the Government departments concerned with development must work and with them the statutory undertakers—for water, gas and electricity. We have as the present Minister of Reconstruction one who has made an outstanding success of feeding the nation in war-time; it is to him that we look in this even more difficult task, rendered especially difficult through the absence of statutory powers and the resulting reliance on persuasion of his colleagues.

The first article in this series appeared on May 18.



AGRICULTURAL COTTAGES, YARCOMBE. HONITON R.D.C. (1943)

"Government enterprise can achieve fine results, provided it gives proper freedom to those carrying out the general schemes"

CRICKET REFLECTIONS

By JAMES THORPE

THERE are many old crows, buried deep in the wilds of the country, to whom, after five long barren years, the sight of any cricket match is an event, a county match a complete joy and a test match a foretaste of paradise. On a sunny June morning, to take one's seat in the front of the pavilion gallery behind the line of the wickets, with a friend whose knowledge of the game is competent and unassertive and whose taste in pipe tobacco is equally delectable, to meet old cricketer friends who seem to have aged so much more rapidly than we, to watch the umpires and the virile athletic figures file out on to the green carpet, as yet unworn and unscathed, provide a joy of anticipation which in this wicked world is very near to heaven.

One tinge of regret, which seldom diminishes with the years—that the active days of our own cricket are so long past—alone tempers our almost too complete happiness. To these old has-beens—and as Sam Woods used to say "a has-been is better than a never-was-er"—the prospect of a visit to Lord's once again, thanks to the noble persistence of Sir Pelham Warner, without the possible interruption of a German bomb, promises much of the old thrill.

Anticipation begets retrospect, which curiously brings first to mind the truncated shirt sleeves, introduced at long last by the enterprising Hendren. Recalling the continual rolling up of the long sleeve, particularly by the fast

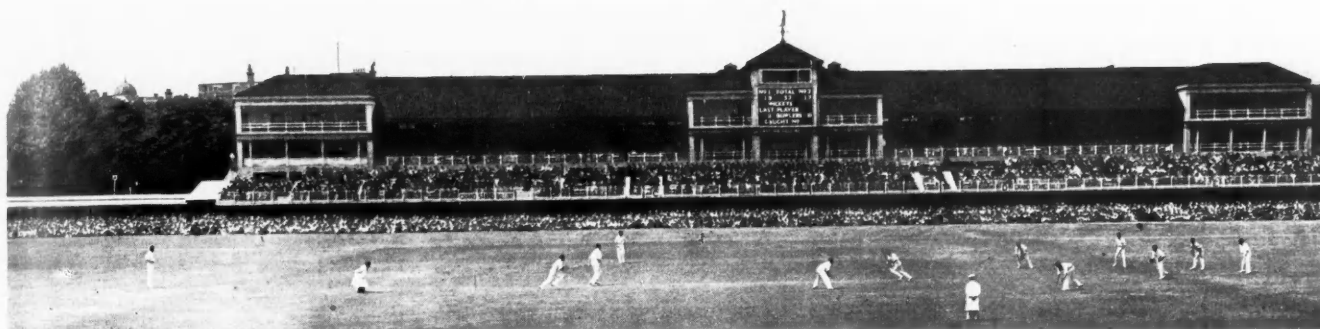
shire, who, after some years' absence abroad, knew little of the modern fetish of the inswinger, the outswinger, the new ball's shine and other frightfulness, adopted with much success the old-fashioned policy of advancing the left leg and shoulder towards the ball and cracking it into the empty outfield. While the other batsmen were dangling a limp bat in front of stiff legs, he made 131 in very short time, to the great surprise of the fielding side, who dropped him four times, and the intense joy of the spectators. It is a sad reflection on the impotence of modern methods that men are allowed to field with immunity only a few yards from the batsman, and that a slow bowler can dispense with anyone in the outfield. He would have justified his epithet (and probably his epitaph) who ventured to stand at silly-point, silly mid-off or silly mid-on to Perrin, Hirst, Maclaren, Jessop or Spooner.

With the encouragement of the new l.b.w. law, some of the more intelligent bowlers are beginning once again to attack the wicket with good length and spin, at which the batsman must make a stroke, instead of banging down experimental short bumpers, which the experienced player can ignore in the knowledge that they will not hit the wicket. Every batsman knows that variation of length and pace along the line of sight is more difficult to detect and judge than swerve or deviation across it. Bowling must be offensive, compelling oppo-

"not a business stroke"; but why drag business into cricket? Any stroke is dangerous if it is badly played. In three complete innings I remember only three "cuts," and these were all square with the wicket.

Even before 1914 certain problems had arisen in connection with the decline in the popularity of the game, problems which were concerned with what is termed first-class cricket, not with cricket itself which is greater and still remains as splendid as it always has been and in no need of improvement. Many of these were the result of the gradual tendency to develop cricket as a spectacle, a source of gate-money and a "financial proposition," for which it is really very unsuited. The numbers attending first-class matches were dwindling, and various explanations and theories were put forward to account for this.

In cricket, more than in any other outdoor game, "the play's the thing." Except to the enthusiast, who has experienced something of its practical side, or at least has a real knowledge of the game, it will never have any very strong or genuine appeal. Its charms are too subtle, its points too fine, to interest any but the initiated. For this reason it will never attract "gates" to the same extent as football, which is much more easily understandable by the average spectator. This is a truth that county executives would do well to acknowledge. Their appeal for support must be mainly to the



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT LORD'S IN 1938

bowler, one cannot help wondering that this simple reform took so long to break through the dour conservatism of the game.

How rarely modern bowlers hit the wicket—not often more than two or three times in an innings! It would be an interesting addition to the bowling statistics at the end of the season if our learned recorders would tell us how many wickets were clean bowled. These would probably form less than twenty per cent. of the total. Yet this was the first and is still the most convincing way of dismissing a batsman. The infatuation of the swerve and the googly, both often entirely imaginary and very expensive, has distracted the bowler's attention from the original object of his attack. His policy appears now to consist in keeping the ball short of a good length in order to prevent the timorous, firm-footed batsman from attempting to drive. His hope of taking a wicket lies in the possibility of the batsman's error in deflecting the ball and he relies more on his opponent's impatience than on his own skill.

The straight drive is very rarely attempted, more from lack of initiative than from absence of opportunity, and thus he can concentrate his fieldsmen behind and close around the wicket. With no one beyond the bowling-crease and the wicket-keeper ten yards back, it should be easy for any first-class batsman to take one or two steps and hit the ball half volley into the vast open spaces of the empty outfield. If he mishits, there is no one to take the catch; if he fails to touch the ball it will probably go well over the stumps and he can easily regain his crease with no fear of being stumped. The deflecting stroke, even if easier, is less interesting to player and spectator and less productive of runs.

Ten years ago G. E. B. Abell, of Worcester-

nents to expose their weakness instead of allowing them to conceal it in inaction. Modern methods of retreat on to the wicket and deflection, rather than propulsion of the ball, have become so general that a return to the old form of attack would necessitate a complete revision of batting policy. While this adaptation is taking place the bowler should reap a rich harvest. The worship of the false gods, the swerve and the googly, has distracted his attention from the first canon of his religion—"Thou shalt bowl a length." The ball well pitched up demands from the batsman a response instead of an evasion. If it is on or near the wicket it must be met and countered: it cannot safely be ignored or diverted. We shall be told that the excellence of modern wickets does not help the good-length bowler; but it helps the bad bowler still less.

As with so many experiments of modern life which have proved failures, we must go back to the old methods, which, because they were sound and justifiable, were successful. We need more bowlers of the type of Walter Mead and Maurice Tate, who were always attacking and worrying the batsman with length and spin, whose every ball was on or near the wicket, had to be met with the full force of the bat and could not be deflected without grave risk.

Another regrettable change is the disappearance of the "cut" and the "late cut," the latter, after the full straight drive, the most beautiful stroke in the game. Remembering the flashing bats of John Tyldesley, A. P. Lucas and Willie Quaife—to take three names at random—we may now almost describe it as the "late lamented cut." Someone (I believe a Yorkshireman) has said that the "cut" is

cricket-lover, and there are enough of them for the purpose. Study his comfort and his convenience, particularly in the matter of seating and of obtaining refreshments; give him all necessary and interesting information, but not for the love of "mike," by loud-speaker. Noise is completely discordant to the game and bands are entirely impossible accompaniments.

Leagues and competitions are entirely foreign to the spirit of cricket: they will never serve to popularise it with the general public, but will certainly tend to alienate the sympathy of the player, past or present, who generally believes in cricket for cricket's sake. Cup ties will never attract any but lovers of billiards to Thurston's, nor will an elaborately staged chess match, with flood lighting and an announcer with a perfect University accent, ever fill the Albert Hall. Quiet periods, with each side manoeuvring for superiority, must happen in cricket, and no amount of barracking should be allowed to interfere with them.

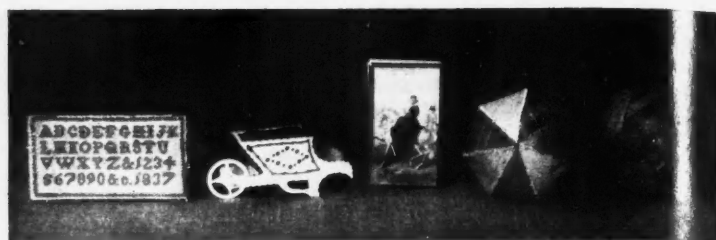
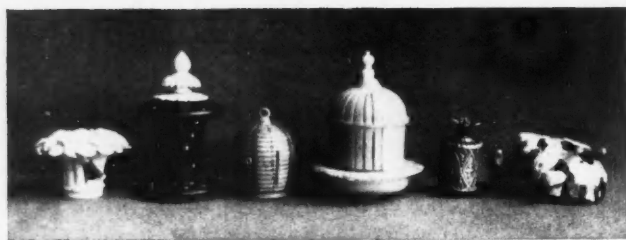
The principal cause in the decline of interest in first-class cricket is selfishness, timidity and lack of a real sporting spirit on the part of some of the players. The "j'y suis, j'y reste" policy is, or was before the war, very prevalent and on the increase. Choose, if you can, captains who will inculcate in their sides the primary object of winning the game, but otherwise leave it alone and don't attempt foolish schemes for improving it. As it is played in schools and universities, in clubs and minor counties, where after all most of the greatest and best part of cricket is played, the game is satisfactory, perfect and unequalled.

What is to come we know not—let us hope it will include more Hammond hundreds—but we know that what has been was good.

WORK-TABLE ACCESSORIES OF THE 18th and 19th CENTURIES—II

By SYLVIA GROVES

Illustrated by CHARLES THOMAS



1.—(Left to right) THREE 18TH-CENTURY MEASURES OF IVORY, EBONY INLAID WITH SILVER AND PAINTED WOOD; 19TH-CENTURY BIRD-CAGE MEASURE; SILVER MEASURE; AND SHELL. (Right) 2.—(Left to right) SAMPLER PINCUSHION; EARLY 18TH-CENTURY WHEELBARROW PINCUSHION; PIN-BOX WITH PICTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA; PATCHWORK PINBALLS

IN Georgian days pins were kept in cases and were carried in the pocket in small boxes known as pin-poppets. Each pin had to be made by hand, the point being ground down until it was sharp and a finer wire being twisted round the opposite end to form the head. Children, in particular, were employed for this work, as their fingers were found suitable for handling the small heads, which, if not securely fixed, were apt to fall off during use.

The first solid-headed pin was made in England in 1797. Brass wire pins were made in 1826. It was, however, many years before the new form of the industry replaced the old. A sampler pincushion dated 1837 contains wire-headed pins only; and *A Child's Guide to Knowledge* by "A Lady," published in 1857 refers to a "machine which has just been invented which performs a considerable portion of pin-making without manual labour."

In the Victorian age much of the fine stitching that would formerly have been devoted to the working of samplers was employed in the making of pincushions of all shapes and sizes (Fig. 2). Patchwork pinballs came into use, and in 1897 an appropriate present for a lady's work-box was a star-shaped patchwork cushion with sixty diamond facets to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee. Both pincushions and emery cushions were commonly made in the form of toys. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a fashion for wheelbarrow pincushions (Fig. 2). The barrow, about two inches in length, was usually of ivory and contained a silk cushion. Hans Andersen in his novel *O.T.*, written in 1836, refers to a sewing-box in which there was a pincushion of this type. His heroine, Sophie, is told of a work-box that is about to be shown to her, which belongs to the Mam'selle of the household:—

"You will see her little sewing-box with all its curiosities. This little box plays an important part. She takes it with her when she pays visits and it is used to make conversation. Every piece is looked at and handed round . . . A

wheelbarrow with a pincushion in it; a silver fish containing lavender water; a measure made from silk ribbon; and a small Napoleon of cast-iron."

The character of Sophie is said to have been drawn from Andersen's first love, whom he never married, and the work-box he described was no doubt one that he had actually seen. Scent-bottles such as the fish of silver are frequently found in work-boxes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and, on the Continent, may sometimes be accompanied by an ear spoon and toothpick, while the cast-iron Napoleon would almost certainly be a standing needlecase of the type referred to in my first article published on May 11.

The allusion to the measure made of silk ribbon is also interesting, for it is typical of the period. In England, yard measures rolling into small receptacles have existed for several centuries and are found in the stump-work cabinets of Restoration days. The ribbons of old measures are marked by hand either in ink or with lines of stitching and embroidery. Stencilled markings are found on early 19th-century measures, but printed measures did not come into use until a much later date.

On Georgian and early Victorian measures inches are often ignored and letters instead of figures are used for indicating fractions of a yard; thus an old measure may be marked N, HQ, Q, H, and Y, standing for Nail, Half Quarter, Quarter, Half, and Yard. A nail is a measure of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches used principally for measuring cloth.

The markings of old foreign measures are more difficult to identify, for the metric system did not come into use until 1799 and before that date measurements varied considerably in different localities. The English yard, however, has been a standard measure ever since Henry I decided that it should be the length of his arm.

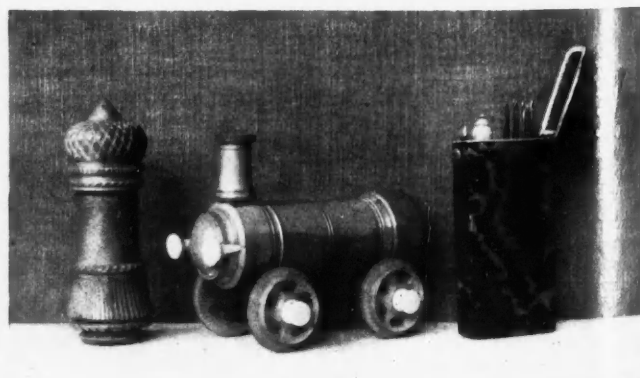
French and Italian measures are usually the most delicately made; shells are used as con-

tainers in most countries, and cases of wood, bone and ivory are frequently carved into the form of toys. The silk ribbons of which the measures were made were, however, far too fragile to withstand constant winding and unwinding, so that few old cases have their measures still attached to them, and evidence of their age and place of origin is thus lacking. A selection of measures is given in Fig. 1.

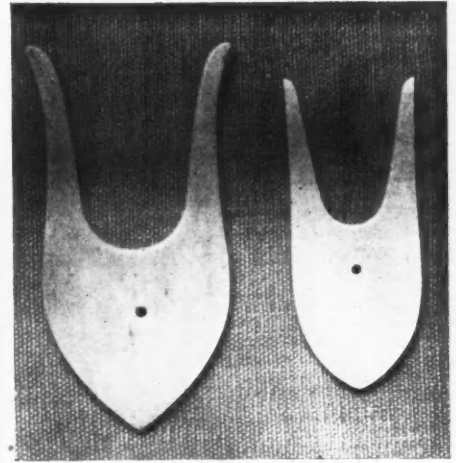
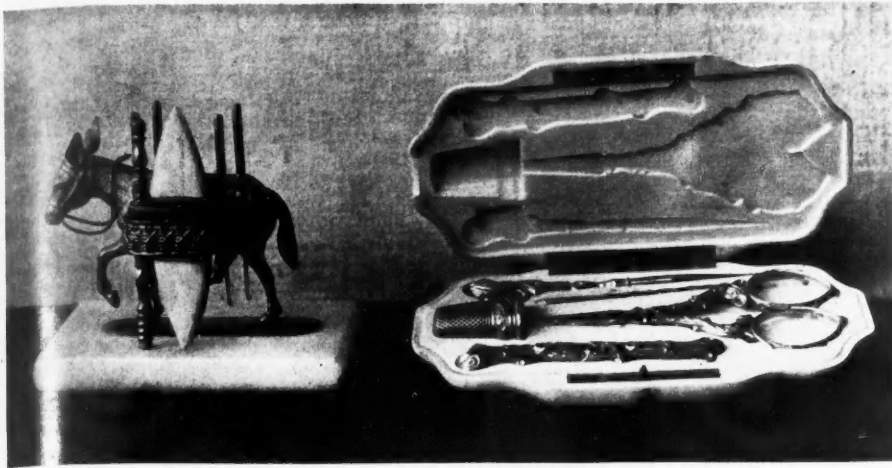
In the mid-Victorian era cases of all kinds were used for holding a number of needlework accessories. An ivory acorn contains needles, thimble and a reel of thread; a bone egg in an ebony egg-cup is similarly fitted. There was a fashion at one time for tall standing cases in the shape of a pepperpot or lighthouse usually made of bone with ornamental lathe turning. Powder-shakers were sometimes included in these for sprinkling the hands with powder to keep them dry while sewing.

Crochet-hook cases, in particular, were designed in great variety, each case holding six or eight metal hooks of graduated size and a handle into which they could be screwed. Old crochet-hooks did not terminate in a hook wrought from the solid metal but were bent round in a simple crook. Long, slender crochet-hooks, turned from ivory, were provided with a removable cap, a set of fine metal hooks being concealed in the hollow interior of the handle. One particularly interesting case is solidly constructed of bone and ebony to represent a railway engine (Fig. 4), the "boiler" containing a central hole for the handle with holes for the six hooks ranged round it. This is not a toy for a child; it was made at a time when even to an adult a railway engine was a new and fascinating object.

Tatting was almost as general an occupation as crochet in the nineteenth century, and a gilt donkey on an alabaster stand, which comes from Italy, carries both crochet-hooks and tatting shuttle in its panniers (Fig. 5). English tatting-shuttles were usually made of bone, ivory or tortoiseshell, the patterned metal

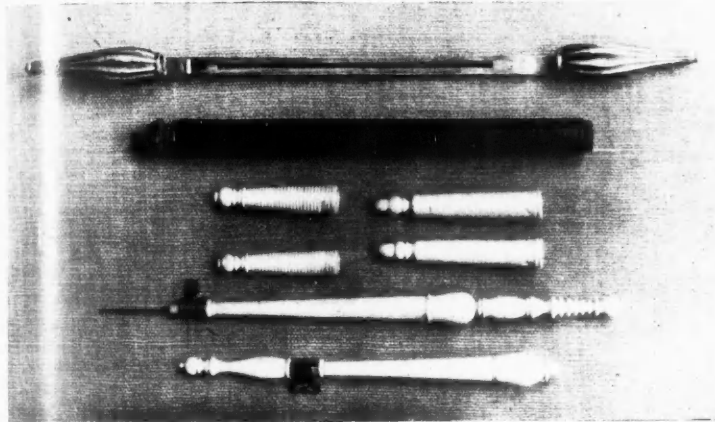


3.—BONE THIMBLE-CASE AND PINCUSHION; AND CASES FOR HOLDING THIMBLE, YARD MEASURE, NEEDLES AND THREAD. (Right) 4.—VICTORIAN CROCHET-HOOK CASES



(Top left) 5.—ITALIAN TATTING-SHUTTLE AND CROCHET-HOOK STAND: IVORY AND SILVER-GILT ETUI

(Above) 6.—AN IVORY AND A BONE LUCET, OR THREAD-WINDER



(Left) 7.—VIENNESE 18TH-CENTURY SILVER EXPANDING KNITTING-NEEDLE PROTECTORS: WOODEN KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE: 19TH-CENTURY IVORY CROCHET-HOOKS AND KNITTING-NEEDLE PROTECTORS

shuttles from the Continent seldom being found in this country.

Cases for holding knitting-needles are comparatively rare. Such needles as were used were short, for making socks, mittens and trimmings, and it is not unusual to find among them a set of very small needles, about three inches in length, on which were knitted the miniature cotton socks so often found in an old work-table.

Protectors for knitting-needles (Fig. 7), were used abroad in the eighteenth century and were later introduced to England.

An implement which seems to have been common to both England and the Continent is a flat, lyre-shaped thread-winder about three inches in length, known as a lucet (Fig. 6). There is a hole in the base of the winder in line with the point at the bottom. Beyond its name, however, little information can be given about its use, and neither the position of the hole nor the shape of the winder indicates the manner in which the thread was wound on to it. Lucets are made of bone, ivory, wood and tortoiseshell. They vary in size and outline, but the shape is sufficiently constant to suggest their employment for some definite form of work.

Awls, piercers and stiletos (Fig. 8) were most necessary items of sewing equipment in former centuries. Stiletos, in particular, were much used, for before hooks and other metal fastenings for garments became plentiful many eyelet holes had to be made through which cords and laces could be threaded, and for this purpose it was necessary to have an implement which was pointed but would not cut the threads of the fabric. Stiletos were also used extensively for embroidery in most countries. In the nineteenth century the point was usually made of metal and the handle of a different material; but at an earlier date handle and point were carved in one piece, often from ivory—more rarely from mother of pearl. Old French and Italian stiletos are sometimes cast in iron or silver and have flat oval handles. The point of the stiletto fits into a tubular sheath, which gives the complete implement the appearance of a key without wards. Awls were used for leather work, and piercers for laying bullion in

embroidery. Many of the piercing implements found in old work-tables were, however, originally intended for other purposes. There are, for instance, the ravelling or drizzling pins used for disentangling the metal threads from outworn hangings and uniforms for re-sale to a goldsmith—a lucrative occupation which was practised by the ladies of the French court at the end of the eighteenth century and later spread to England.

At the end of the Victorian era stiletos, like

other sewing implements, became severely practical and ornamentation disappeared. This change was due not only to the introduction of the domestic sewing machine but to the increased use of machinery in industry, which made it possible for women to buy many of the things which they had formerly to make in the home. With mind and energies set free for the pursuit of wider interests, the work-box was no longer the centre of a woman's life. Pincushions and needlecases were needed for use and not "to make conversation" as they were in the days of Hans Andersen's *Mam'selle*. And so, with the turn of the century, needlework accessories lost their individuality and much of their charm.



8.—PIERCERS. The ivory stiletto third from the left has a removable point and contains a steel piercer; the next is of mother of pearl, and the next is of steel close-plated with silver handle and sheath. The remainder are of ivory



1.—AMONG THE MEADOWS BESIDE THE AVON. A VIEW FROM THE EAST

ALVESTON HOUSE, WARWICKSHIRE—I

THE HOME OF COLONEL HUGH BROCKLEBANK

A singularly perfect example of the Wren type of country house, built in 1689 by Thomas Peers, a collateral descendant of the last Prior of Worcester, who had installed his brother in this property of the Priory immediately previous to the Reformation.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

A COUPLE of miles up-stream from Stratford-on-Avon, in a loop on the left bank of the river, lies the little village of Alveston. A mile farther up, the opposite bank is occupied by Charlecote Park, home of the Lucys and associated with the young William Shakespeare and Justice Shallow. The flat pastoral landscape, to which a wooded character is given by the great elm trees of the intersecting hedgerows, and incidentally by the leisurely windings of the river, is typical of the peaceful heart of England. But of an England that, as regards appearance, has closer affinities with the reign of Queen Anne than of Queen Elizabeth,

notwithstanding Providence's choice of the Avon valley as the formative setting of Shakespeare's youth. The scenery of the lush, enclosed, plain is rather the creation of the early scientific age, of which Wren, the architect-mathematician, is the representative spirit as Shakespeare is of the merry but less efficient England of the open common fields. So the manor house at Alveston's being a singularly perfect example of the age of Wren gives a satisfying cogency, an historical completeness, to the pleasing picture presented by house and landscape (Fig. 1).

Closer acquaintance discovers that, in

other ways too, Alveston House approximates the ideal of the typical English country home as a local microcosm of history and national preoccupations. Thus the mill that generates its electric power is the successor of one listed in *Domesday Book*; the old avenue in front of the house, reputedly haunted by a former squire, leads among traces of a vanished formal lay-out to the picturesque fragment of a mediaeval church stored with local memorials; and the house itself contains a small but characteristic selection of English paintings and furniture together with relics of the travels and adventures in strange lands of its owners. Thus in records, craftsmanship, art, and actual landscape, a picture is presented of nigh a thousand years of England's story. The story is neither dramatic nor complete, so far as it is known, nor particularly informative to the student of local or social history, nor in any sense unique. Its distinction, like that of the building, is its representativeness of the English spirit.

Eanwulf's ton, as its name is first recorded in a document of 866, has always lain just off the beaten track of events in its loop of the Avon. At that early date it already belonged to Worcester Priory, but before the Norman Conquest had been "seized by powerful men"—apparently Earls of Mercia. This fact is



2.—THE SOUTH SIDE, NOW THE ENTRANCE, FROM THE END OF THE AVENUE



3.—THE ORIGINAL FRONT, FACING EAST. A PERFECT WILLIAM AND MARY MANOR HOUSE

recorded in the Domesday survey which found that neither Bristvinus, its then occupant, nor his sons Lewin and Edmar, could tell of whom they had held it under Edward the Confessor; of Count Leofric or of the Bishop. The energetic St. Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, finding that its fifteen hides, *quae Alfestun ab incolis nominati*, were *multo tempore a quibusdam potentibus hominibus injuste possessam*, bought back the property from the Crown, for a lot of money, as he explained

in a long deed of gift printed by Sir William Dugdale in his 17th-century history of the county.

There were, at that time, three mills in the manor, yielding 40 shillings rent and "12 sticks of eels and a thousand." A stick, as a measure of quantity of small eels, is said by the N.E.D. to have contained approximately 25, and was commonly used in the Domesday estimates. The traditional method of catching them, according to local people's memories of their grandfathers who,

rooms from its meadows, onions, and a brown stock sauce, such as he doubtless, as a lover of all beauty, frequently himself enjoyed? Avon Eels should be a Stratford speciality.

The existing mill presumably takes the place of the three working a thousand years ago. It is difficult to imagine where the others stood unless these primitive contrivances all stood abreast. The present building, apparently of 18th-century date, stands among poplars at the end of the kitchen garden which is laid out formally round the

they say, once caught 30 cwt. in 24 hours, involved sitting up all night with a barrel of beer for refreshment in the then ruined mill cottage. History is now repeating itself as a result of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries having, very rightly, requested Colonel Brocklebank to resume the eel fishery. It has long seemed preposterous to addicts of *anguilles au matelot* and other Continental methods, of serving this succulent and nutritious fish, that it should have passed out of the English bill of fare in spite of rivers teeming with eels. What more delicious prelude to attending a performance at the Memorial Theatre than a dish of eels from the Bard's own Avon, garnished with mush-



4.—THE EAST AND NORTH SIDES

TOY-MAKING IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

Written and Illustrated by NORMAN WYMER



1.—AN ANIMAL ARTIST SKETCHES NEW FOREST PONIES



2.—ROUGH SHAPES OF ANIMALS BEING GLUED TOGETHER



3.—SMOOTHING ROUGH OUTLINES ON A SANDING-BELT

IN the old days, before machinery came to cheapen production, toy-making was a recognised country craft. As far back as the early Middle Ages most of our country towns and villages had their quota of toy-makers, faithful to their tradition of careful workmanship. Many and wonderful were the toys sold at Bartholomew Fair and at some of the mediæval markets.

In the heart of the New Forest a small band of hand craftsmen can still be seen making toys with all the skill and patience of bygone days. They form a unique band, for they are essentially rural workmen. They work in the country not by coincidence, but because they think it necessary to their craft. Indeed, judged by modern standards, their pieces are models rather than toys.

In their little workshop, not far from Brockenhurst, Hampshire, these craftsmen spend their time making in wood life-like reproductions of the animals of field and farm, of the famous New Forest ponies and of the various types of coaches that once took travellers, somewhat precariously, along the unmade roads of this very same corner of England. They make, too, models relating to our little parish churches and other village buildings.

Just as the toy-makers of old

made many of their pieces as they saw them, rather than as they imagined them, so these craftsmen make all theirs from a study of life in its natural surroundings.

Before any model is made, an animal artist

prepares detailed sketches of the subject in question. Besides painting the New Forest ponies (Fig. 1) from all angles, he spends a great part of his time visiting Hampshire farms, where he makes sketches of ducks, geese, cows and many other animals. In the last few years he has carefully studied more than 200 types of animal.

Meanwhile, back in the workshop, the other craftsmen are busy seasoning and preparing the timber. Later the outlines of the animals are traced on to the wood, which is then cut to a rough shape. For each animal three shapes are cut, and these are then glued together to form a solid whole of triple thickness and of great strength. Then the outline is left to dry before being smoothed by a boy on a sanding-belt (Fig. 3).

Now starts the most critical part of the craft. With the sketch in front of him as a guide, the most skilled craftsman carves out the limbs (Fig. 5) and other features of the animal and moulds the natural lines and ribbing, using a critically sharp chisel and, occasionally, a tenon saw for the work.

Such is his skill that, although he makes no measurements to guide him, his accuracy in gauging by eye



(Above) 4.—MAKING A CUT BEHIND A PONY'S EAR



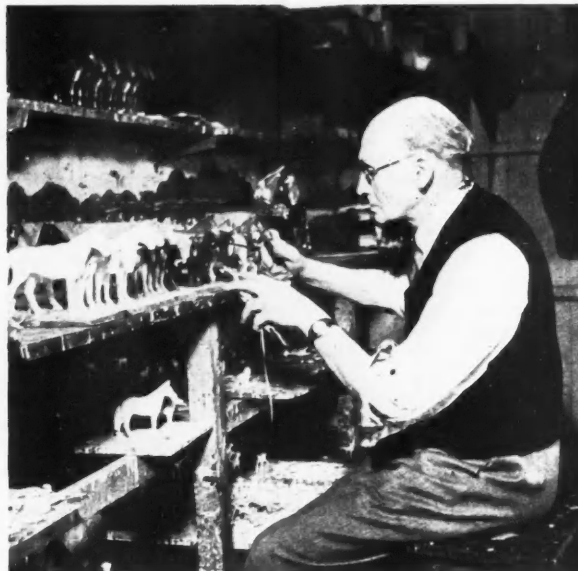
(Left) 5.—THE MOST CRITICAL WORK—CARVING THE LIMBS



(Right) 6.—PAINTING MODELS IN LIFE-LIKE COLOURS



(Left) 7.—A COACH
& FOUR NEARLY
COMPLETED



(Right) 8. — THE
ANIMAL ARTIST
INSPECTING
FINISHED MODELS

the exact spots to carve or to mould is often remarkable. On a bigger scale the skilful wheelwright or the blacksmith has the same gift for dispensing with detailed measurements.

Another craftsman, again using the original sketches, next paints the animal in all its true

colours, and the result is so lifelike that the products of this workshop are known far and wide. The Queen and Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family have bought them from time to time.

One of the best of the models is that of a state coach, complete with horses, postilions,

harness, and so on, constructed to scale and accurate to the last detail.

The demand for these toys has always been greater than the supply—war or no war—which only goes to prove that there is still a place for hand-work even in a market that is normally supplied in enormous quantities by machinery.

ART AND NATURE ◊ A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

NATURE I loved, and next to nature art." Landor was not, so far as I know, a golfer, but that line of his might very well have applied to golf courses. I have lately had a letter from one whose address and whose office alike compel respect bordering on awe. He wants an article on "made *versus* natural courses," and I must see what I can do about it in a desultory way. He gives me one or two valuable suggestions and in particular he gives me a start in a piece of his own experience. He was making a short golfing tour in Scotland. On the first day he had played, and for the first time, on the Old Course at St. Andrews; on the second on a course of no extraordinary fame where the professional said to him: "Ach, when ye've played — ye'll think naething o' St. Andrews." I have reluctantly substituted a blank for the name of a very well-known course, because I am a man of peace, wanting to hurt no feelings and with a well-grounded respect for the law of defamation. For mark what follows; my correspondent went to — and wondered how anybody could for a moment compare it with St. Andrews. It was a fine course in its way, but "there seemed to me just one way of playing each hole."

I should have liked to print those last words in flaming capital letters, for my correspondent has laid his finger on the exact spot. He is clearly, as Alan Breck would say, a man of much penetration just as the professional, whose remark he quoted, was a man of no penetration at all. It is the ultimately boring quality of — and a good many other courses besides that there is only one way of playing the holes. It is one of the glories, perhaps the supreme glory, of St. Andrews that at each of many of the holes there are several ways of playing it. Think for instance of the fourth or the Long Hole In, the fourteenth, and in the days of the gutty I should certainly have added the High Hole going out, where Mr. Edward Blackwell would take the straight line (everybody can take it now) while humbler people must drive away to the left of the knoll and come sidling on to the green from the left-hand side, skirting Strath on the way. That fact I remember vividly from my first game with Mr. Blackwell, now nearly eight and forty years ago. However, I do not want to become ultimately boring about St. Andrews—perhaps

I have done so already—but I must quote my correspondent's words about it. "It seemed to me," he says, "a piece of ground devised by Providence for a golf course, and just a little assisted by quite humble men, following the finger of Providence, till it made a very great course, with an infinite variety."

That admirable sentence brings me back, after something of a detour, to the question on which I set out. No course can be wholly natural; the hand of man must play its part; it must make greens and to some extent bunkers, though the fewer of them the better; but those courses that we may term natural—and St. Andrews is a perfect example—have essentially grown. That is one of their greatest charms and, though the same end can possibly be achieved by skilful design, it is, I believe, one of their greatest merits that there is no hard and fast method of playing the holes. They give a fine feeling of freedom and spaciousness, sometimes I admit a deceitful one, in which according to the wind and his own powers and fancies the player can choose his own road.

It may be said that any excessive praise of natural courses is unjust to inland courses, since they are almost bound to be in their essence artificial. This is not wholly true, since there are inland courses, especially those on common land, that are eminently natural. Two come into my head, neither of which now exists: Coldham Common at Cambridge and Blackheath. For Coldham Nature had done nothing but provide a few ditches hanging on the flanks of the course. Otherwise it was a flat, unbroken featureless expanse of muddy grass with no bunkers allowed, and, sentiment apart, it was, I suppose, the worst course I ever saw. The heath, on the other hand, despite its rough and flinty character, had some qualities that were almost great, and Nature, or rather those who had once dug gravel pits there, had disposed the ground "in many a mouldering heap" far from ill suited to the game. And as to different ways of playing the hole, the long holes in particular seemed like voyages of exploration on uncharted seas.

Those, however, are out-of-date examples; nearly all the best inland courses of to-day have been carved out of heather and fir woods and, in so far as their making involves the clearing of heather and the blowing up of tree-stumps with dynamite, must primarily be called

artificial. But I think this is too narrow a use of that epithet and for the purposes of our argument we must, so to speak, write off those initial and necessary processes and then start again. It would seem to me quite wrong, for example, to call Walton Heath artificial. There are the lines of fairway, to be sure, stretching this way and that across the broad expanse and they were undeniably made. So were most of the bunkers, though there are natural difficulties as well, such as the grassy hollows which are called, I know not on what precise evidence, Roman stables, and rutty roads and posts and rails which may be deemed natural for this purpose. But however much of the course was made, the overriding effect produced on the mind is that of a stretch of wild and noble country which Providence meant for golfers. To me at least the feeling of the course—I can express it no better—is natural.

It is where art has failed to conceal art that we become too conscious of it. I will give one example, the twelfth hole on a delightfully made course, the Old Course at Addington. When Mr. Abercromby first showed me Addington in the making I remember to have thought that this hole would be his greatest triumph. The second shot across the valley to the beautifully shaped green perching beyond it, looked one of the great and satisfying shots of the world, and a fine shot it undoubtedly is; but the hole has one very serious defect in that an artificial plateau had to be built on the side of a slope, in order that the shot should be playable. It could not be helped; Nature, so prodigally kind in many ways, had here been mean and her stinginess had to be overcome. But the plateau remains too palpably an artificial shelf, which affords the one way of playing the hole, and despite all the silvan beauty of the scene, the charm of naturalness is absent.

I said just now that skilful architecture can provide a hole at which there are several different ways of playing it and one good instance has just come back to me. Years ago Mr. C. B. Macdonald was laying out the Lido, near Long Beach in America, that wonderful piece of artifice in which sand was sucked by mighty engines out of the sea and spread in hills and valleys on an entirely flat piece of land. He offered prizes, through COUNTRY LIFE, for a design for a long hole, and Mr. Herbert Fowler and I and, I think, Mr. Colt were to be

judges. We all with one accord gave the first place to a design, which turned out to be Dr. Mackenzie's, and its virtue lay in the diversity of routes to the hole. Later when I was in America I saw that design translated into reality and a very fine hole it made. That is one of many pieces of evidence that architecture can, like Todgers's, do it when it chooses, but still, on the whole, Nature can do it better or at any rate with a more effortless grace.

My correspondent makes one remark which has set me thinking, if I may so term so modest a process. Of another well-known course, of which I shall again in my pusillanimous way

withhold the name, he says that he would soon get tired of it because, as on the other nameless course, "so many of the holes must be played in just one way." This interested me because this course is above everything else one of vast and impressive sandhills. What I am wondering is whether such hills do in fact impose on the player but a single method and a single route. When architecture was in its infancy this would have been so, since the designer's aim was simply to provide a straight-ahead steeplechase course with sandhills as the jumps. "Hullo," he said in effect, "here's a mountain, let's hit over it." Such elementary beliefs are now out of

date; the big hills are used largely on the flank and need not of necessity make for monotony. So I do not think my correspondent's criticism, whether or not it be justified as to that one sand-hilly course, is of general application. But I also think that the greater and more fascinating variety of shots is to be found in more open country. "Nothing like flat-footed golf" is a maxim of J. H. Taylor's which I have quoted before. He was thinking of the great art of standing still, of which his own style was a supreme example, but perhaps his words may be applied to courses as well as to players.

CORRESPONDENCE

CUT A THISTLE IN JUNE

From Sir Alan Anderson.

SIR,—In his interesting article *Old Saws and Modern Knowledge* in May 11 issue Mr. Mansfield quotes "Cut a thistle in June it will grow again soon, cut in August and die it must." He wishes he "could be as certain of the last as of the first."

In my part of the world, and I suppose elsewhere, the treatment must be adjusted to the type of thistle. The large biennial thistles which spread by seed can be finished by cutting in two consecutive years, just before they seed, and burning the heads. If they are cut earlier or not below the lowest knot on the stem they will "come again soon," so both the saws are true for biennials, but they are not true about the field thistle which spreads by roots and scarcely at all in our grass land by seed.

To finish the field thistle it seems necessary to rob the root of its stored food and this can be done by repeated cutting, particularly when the new shoot "comes again soon." To cut this thistle late in the year when the plant has stored up plenty of food in the root is a waste of time, so for these field thistles the saw must be almost reversed. —ALAN ANDERSON, *The Manor, Noltgrove, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.*

ON THE MANIFOLD

SIR, Ilam, the beautiful model village in Staffordshire, has many associations with Dr. Johnson. He was a frequent visitor to his friend Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne and a great lover of the Manifold and its wooded vale.

He describes the village "as having grandeur tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the valley he is composed and soothed. . . . Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains."

The scene depicted in the photograph I send you shows St. Bertram's Bridge, named after St. Bertram, one of the founders of Christianity in Staffordshire and the anchorite of the valleys of the Manifold and the Dove. The river Manifold—immortalised by Drayton—takes a subterranean course of four miles. The valley is said to be the Happy Valley of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*.

Lord Byron was a frequent visitor to Mayfield and Ilam where he met Tom Moore when living in this delectable district. Surrounded by the George Eliot country, the zone is now safe for succeeding generations in the keeping of the National Trust.—F. A. HOLMES, *Buxton, Derbyshire.*

HISTORICAL RECORDS IN WOOD

SIR,—On a recent visit to the parish church of Selbourne, Hampshire, the

WHY DO U.S.A. ATHLETES WIN?

SIR,—If Mr. Grinling, who wrote (May 11) claiming that the centres at Silkeborg and Ollerup aim at P.T., not sport, will refer to Niels Bukh's *Primitive Gymnastics* he must see that many of the exercises are based on athletic events such as hurdling and the relationship between P.T. and pure athletics at once becomes plain.—F. A. M. WEBSTER (Lt.-Col.), *S.W.I.*

CHEETAH AND LEOPARD

SIR,—In the article (COUNTRY LIFE, April 27) *Sally the Cheetah*, I think the author is wrong in distinguishing between a leopard and a cheetah. They are one and the same animal; in fact the cheetah is the only true leopard, the distinguishing feature of which is non-retractile claws.

The animal which the cheetah should be distinguished from is the panther, which has retractile claws like the cat and is therefore not a true leopard.

I have been brought up on this belief in India over the past thirty-five years. There we shot panther but hunted antelope with the cheetah (leopard) when we had the good fortune of being invited by the Nobles of the Deccan and some other Indian States.

Perhaps some other shikaris would let us have their views and tear mine to pieces.—L. MURPHY (Colonel), *Towerhurst, Oakwood Lane, Leeds 8.*

BIRDS AND DOUBLE SUMMER TIME

SIR,—Will bird-watchers tell us whether, when road traffic and farm activities now begin at 4 a.m. instead of 6 a.m. Greenwich time, birds join our human fantasy; or do they, like the eagle in the opening lines of *The Lady of the Lake*, "cast on the rout a wondering eye," and refuse to approve double Summer time?—ANNIE LOYD, *Tunbridge Wells, Kent.*

[Wild birds rise so early that we doubt their being disturbed by human vagaries, but it is different when hens are asked to go to bed by double Summer time. They definitely object.—ED.]

ON VE-DAY MORNING

SIR,—I happened to be writing to my daughter this morning (VE-Day) seated in front of a window which faces north-west. I looked up and was astonished to see a flock of geese in perfect V formation flying south. Three things struck me—(1) that the geese were in formation and that it was V-Day and it might be taken as an omen; (2) that it was so late in the year for geese to be flying; (3) that the birds were not flying north but south. It might be suggested that what I saw was a flight of aeroplanes—but the birds were flying low enough for me to see clearly the flapping of their wings.—MARY E. BENNETT, *Cherry Cottage, Forest Row, Sussex.*

THE GAME OF POPE JOAN

SIR,—According to my recollection, the sketch of a Pope Joan board

drawn from memory by a correspondent for last week's issue is inaccurate in one detail. The king of diamonds should be where the jack is placed in the sketch and vice versa. Surely also the lettering of the words on the board usually faced the players, not as given in the sketch.

Though I often lost my pocket-money at the game in my long-departed youth, I cannot now remember enough of the method of play to give a reliable description. I hope some other correspondent may be able to refresh my memory.—L. H., *S.E.5.*

STAINLESS STEEL

SIR,—In your issue of April 20 was a letter from "Cutler" under the heading *Stainless Steel* commenting on the lament of Major Jarvis on the bluntness of stainless steel knives, but he gave no clue as to the way they should be sharpened. I am sure many of your readers would be glad to know the right way to do this.

I have heard so often that "they are not meant to be sharpened," or to do so would spoil them. Would "Cutler" kindly oblige by telling us the best way to improve their edges? —BUTLER, *Inverness-shire.*

WHAT IS WRONG WITH BEE-KEEPING?

SIR,—As an independent research worker and a bee-keeper both in London and Berkshire for some 18 years, I wish Colonel Buzzard had made greater use of some of the more important research work that has already been done in this country, apart from valuable work still proceeding in Russia and the U.S.A., before writing his article *What is Wrong with Beekeeping?* in your issue of May 4.

It is incorrect to say that bees do not visit or work red clover: quite apart from the fact that the more common hybrid bee in this country is now partly Caucasian and its longer tongue is undisputed, there is also the valuable work done by Dr. Butler and his associates at the Rothamsted Bee Experimental Station and described in his two papers entitled *The Behaviour of a Population of Honey Bees on an Artificial and a Natural Crop*, and *A Study of the Frequency with which Honey Bees visit Red Clover (Trifolium Pratense) together with an Examination of the Environmental Conditions.*

To summarise his conclusions, it was found that the honey bee worked first and second crops of red clover both for nectar and pollen. Of 484 honey bees whose loads were examined 60 per cent. were nectar gatherers and 40 per cent. pollen gatherers. Dunham (1939 a) found that honey bees performed approximately 82 per cent. of the cross pollination of red clover, bumblebees 15 per cent. and hymenopterous and other insects 3 per cent.

More recently, Mr. Pryce Jones, in a most masterly paper read to the Linnean Society, gave a summary of the most recent important work done on points also raised in Colonel Buzzard's article. Wholesome and poisonous honeys were discussed as



ST. BERTRAM'S BRIDGE, NEAR ILAM, IN THE MANIFOLD VALLEY

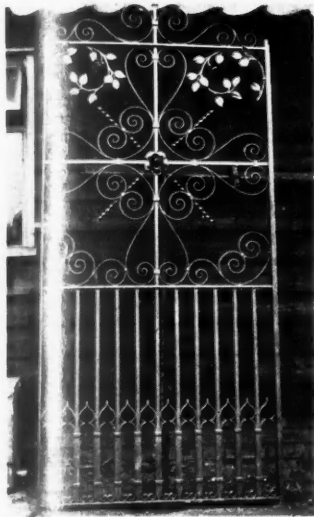
See letter: On the Manifold

village made famous by Gilbert White, the naturalist, I saw some interesting oaken pews of recent erection. Carved on the back of each is an inscription regarding the history of church and locality and I append a selection in the hope that it may inspire other parishes to preserve their records in this way.

(1) "Let us now praise famous men." (2) "Whose Righteous Deeds have not been forgotten." (3) "King Edward the Confessor gave this land, 1049." (4) "Radfred the Priest built a church here, 1049." (5) "Sir Adam de Gurdun gave the Plestor 1271." (6) "The Visitation of the Priory of William of Wykeham 1387." ("The Plestor" is the Village Green.)

I would suggest that local war memorials might take this form, the names of the fallen being inscribed on pews descriptive of the branch of H.M. Forces in which they served.—C. W. MORSLEY, *Hendon, N.W.4.*

well as the frequency or cycles of periods of profuse nectar flow. Mr. Manley in his book *Honey Production in the British Isles* stresses very carefully that the average surplus of honey gathered does not often exceed 50 lb. Only in exceptional districts, where special artificial crops are grown, such for example as mustard and sainfoin, and are allowed to flower, are abnormal yields taken. Indeed English honey is a luxury article. Those people in the past who cited unusual takes of honey might have been bee-keepers, but they were rarely scientists and even more rarely kept accurate records.



A MODERN IRON GATE FROM SUFFOLK

See letter: Beautiful Gates

For instance it is now only becoming generally known that a colony of bees in order to build itself up for the main harvest consumes something like 68 lb. to 80 lb. of honey alone, before proceeding to gather a surplus. It is of course true that a great deal of land, hitherto pasture, has been ploughed up for wheat, potatoes and such like, but the large bee farmer has not, as far as I know, increased his stocks. Mr. Gale of Marlborough, probably the largest bee-keeper in the country before the war, owning about 1,500 stocks, was selling several of his hives a year ago.

Lastly, it is quite erroneous to imagine that we in England know so little of wild bees and how to extricate them. Nearly every bee book tells us something about this phase of apiculture, from Tickner Edwardes down

to the present day, when it is quite exceptionally well presented and dealt with by Mr. Wadey in his book *The Bee Craftsman* (Chapter xxvii—Stray Colonies). To return to skeps, tree trunks or log gums as the Americans call them, would certainly be putting back the clock. Colonel Buzzard seems unaware that there are now strict laws in this country relative to bee disease, and I am sure county inspectors would frown severely on keeping bees in trees and the like, where proper supervision is quite impossible.

My only experience of the honey fair at Digne in the south of France, where I was once a frequent visitor, was disappointing. I came away with no fresh ideas, only a bottle of spurious mead, got up to look like a bottle of Asti spumante!—CARTWRIGHT FARMLOE, *The Research Apiary, The Zoological Society, Regent's Park, N.W.8.*

BEAUTIFUL GATES

SIR,—Recent correspondence concerning beautiful wrought-iron gates reminds me that Bredfield, Suffolk, the birthplace of Edward Fitzgerald, the poet, is now famous for modern work of this kind. I enclose a photograph showing one of a pair of gates with lovely scroll-work and tasteful rose motifs wrought by the excellent local firm of smiths.

Just before the war I paid them a visit and found that some of their designs displayed a distinct Adam flavour, while others were more naturalistic, depicting such themes as a parrot on its perch, a butterfly with outspread wings, and a fly entrapped in a spider's web. A gate made for Lord Nuffield incorporated a bull in the general design, while a notable weather-vane extolled the finer points of pig-sticking.—ROAMER, *Leeds.*

THE BROKEN GLASS PLAGUE

SIR,—The letter in COUNTRY LIFE on broken bottles in national open spaces is even more applicable to Epping Forest. In fact, never have I seen so much of this as recently. It has always been a nuisance to some extent, but this form of hooliganism seems to be very much on the increase. It is a danger not only to young children playing, but also to the deer, and to horses when ridden in the Forest.

The pre-war propaganda on tidiness and litter was, I think, beginning to have some effect on the habits of the public, but during the war-time years this nuisance has not of course been kept before the public to such an extent, and these bad habits are on the increase.



A ROMAN WINE FLAGON FROM THE ALICE HOLT FOREST POTTERIES

See letter: A Roman Relic

The schools might very profitably make a "campaign" of this in the class-room, for generally it is only ignorance on the part of people and young lads.—J. A. BRIMBLE, 23, *Beresford Road, Chingford, London, E.4.*

A ROMAN RELIC

SIR,—Owing to the remarkable publicity given to the finding of the great Roman "Sherd-ruck" in the Alice Holt Forest, Hampshire, the world is asking for particulars of the pottery.

On April 8 last I excavated from one of the kiln mounds a splendid specimen of a Roman wine flagon which has been provisionally dated in the second century A.D. (see illustration).

Round its upper middle is a painted black band; the vertical lines from the lip to the band are burnished; so are the horizontal rings below the band.

These flagons—whole—are scarce; only sherds of them were recovered from the numerous New Forest kilns.

I send this note to COUNTRY LIFE to show that the site is living well up to its reputation and in answer to the question "What type of pot was made there?"

There is of course much more to tell, but that is for another day.—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.*

BROWN ROOKS

SIR,—Last season the local farmers reported a brown rook, which nested in our rookery. This year I saw it myself. It is very light brown on the back, breast and wings. Underneath it is rusty black; legs and bill appear to be the same as an ordinary rook. Can any reader inform me if this is a rare occurrence?—JOHN EDWARD COLLINS, *Trewardale, Blisland, Cornwall.*

[Brown rooks, apparently erythristic mutations, have been recorded before, but only rarely. If this bird was successful in rearing young it will be interesting to know if they were of normal colour.—ED.]

FLASH VILLAGE, STAFFORDSHIRE

SIR,—The lonely village of Flash, Staffordshire, stands on the wilds of Axe Edge, and has a most interesting history, being the cause of a new word coming into the English language.

The badgers or hawkers who once roamed the country in large numbers made Flash their winter quarters, camping on the commons near by. They had barbarous manners and a slang dialect, and spent their idle hours making spurious money which they changed at the fairs as they travelled the country in Summer. They thus became known as Flash men and the bad coinage as Flash money, a word which still persists to-day.

The church at Flash is said to be the highest in England, and the second and third highest inns lie within a few miles. Less than a mile away rise the twin rivers of the Dove and Manifold, those two streams whose incomparable dales have such great claims as the first National Park in this country.—F. RODGERS, *Derby.*

FROG SPAWN

SIR,—In E. E. Steele's letter published in the issue of April 20 mention is made of the early date this year of frogs spawning.

On March 11 this year I was on Melbecks Moor in Swaledale, Yorkshire, at an altitude of 1,350 feet and came upon a small pool in which frogs were discovered during the actual procedure of spawning.

I consider this a very early date, particularly at such a high altitude.—I. P. UTLEY (Capt., R.A.).

A CURIOUS MONUMENT

SIR,—In these days, when destruction has reigned in many parts of the country, it is often found that priceless monuments of the past have been destroyed. So it is, that photographs are of greater importance than ever, as records of what had been secure for ages. The accompanying picture of the wooden effigy of Sir Thomas de Latimer is of more than usual interest. Whether he was of the ab-



THE WOODEN EFFIGY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

See letter: A Curious Monument

normal height of seven feet, does not seem to be on record. But his effigy, cut on a log of oak, is all that. Originally, it was on a tomb, but moved in the course of alterations. When the photograph was taken, it was detached from the ground, which facilitated matters considerably and also disclosed the curious fact that the log behind the effigy was hollow: the carving having been done on the



FLASH VILLAGE, STAFFORDSHIRE, WHERE FLASH MONEY WAS MADE

See letter: Flash Village, Staffordshire



THE LEBBEK TREE'S TEN MONTHS' GROWTH FROM LOPPING TO FULL FOLIAGE

See letter: Quick Recovery

outside. The date of his death was A.D. 1334.

Braybrooke, where this strange monument is housed, is not far from Market Harborough.—F. J. E., Stamford, Lincolnshire.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN DAIRYING

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested to know that the United Dairies Scholarship Fund has decided again to offer this year agricultural and dairy scholarships to the children of farmers and smallholders in four south-western counties of England.

The growing evidence of malnutrition among the freed peoples of Europe underlines the wisdom of our Government in insisting that agriculture, including dairy production, shall continue to receive every encouragement after the war, and it is indeed satisfactory that this useful and beneficent scheme, founded in 1924, is to be carried on this year despite increasing war difficulties.

Applications are, accordingly, invited from the counties of Devon, Dorset, Cornwall and Somerset for a number of scholarships in agriculture or dairying, for one, two or three years' duration. Pending the announcement of the Ministry of Labour and National Service regulations for the admission of students to degree, diploma and technical courses, men and women born after 1927 are eligible to apply, but the final acceptance of the applications will be subject to the age limits laid down in the regulations.



IN BOSTON STUMP

See letter: Bronze Knocker at Boston

Dairies Scholarship Fund, 34, Palace Court, W.2.

QUICK RECOVERY

SIR,—In a country, like Egypt, dependent almost entirely on its agriculture there exists of necessity a Plant Protection Section, vigilant in the matter of plagues and pests. The lebbek tree (*Albizia Lebbek*), outstanding as a beauty tree in the landscape, was under suspicion of harbouring mealy bug which might spread to neighbouring field crops and a ukase went forth, and the Cairo-Helouan avenue was heavily pollarded (photograph No. 1, January 15, 1932). Four months later (photograph No. 2, May 13, 1932), sprouts were already arising from the stumps of the lopped branches, while after a further interval of five months (photograph No. 3, October, 1932) rejuvenation had become so complete that only a close observer would notice that the lebbeks had been subjected to a serious surgical operation.

The pictures were taken from the same viewpoint on the dates given, on the Helouan Road, near Maadi. Old Cairo is seen dimly in the distance (*left*) as also the Nile flood in photograph 3, before the High Nile had subsided.—F. W. OLIVER.



WHERE SANCTUARY BEGAN

See letter: Beverley Minster

I shall be glad to supply your readers, on request, with an explanatory pamphlet and application form. The form, when completed, should reach me at 34, Palace Court, London, W.2, not later than May 31, 1945.

A point that may not be generally known is that the funds are invested in the names of three Trustees, representing the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the National Farmers' Union, and United Dairies, Limited.—E. EVANSON, Hon. Secretary, United

BEVERLEY MINSTER

SIR,—You have had, in the past, some correspondence about the right of Sanctuary at Beverley in Yorkshire. This photograph shows the remains of a Sanctuary Cross near Bishop Burton, just outside Beverley. The Sanctuary limits were marked by eight crosses making a circle of about two miles radius. Some authorities suggest that they were rather sign-posts guiding the fugitive to safety.—J. A. CARPENTER, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

BRONZE KNOCKER AT BOSTON

SIR,—It would be interesting to learn the history of the magnificent bronze knocker shown in my photograph. Fixed to an inside door giving access to the tower of Boston Stump, it

God," while still lower were more carvings of a couple of globes, an anchor, a quadrant, and several old-time navigational instruments. At the top of the tablet was a further inscription, "Per Virtute Sidera Terram Mare" (Valour guided by the stars can traverse both land and sea).

I asked several fishermen near by what the tablet commemorated, and they stated it was "The Navigator's Stone," but they apparently knew nothing more of its history. Since then I have made further enquiries as to its origin, and find that it is something of a mystery. Some authorities say it was erected by the 16th-century Newhaven fishermen, who had much Flemish blood in them, to record their part in harrying the Armada as it sailed northwards after its defeat in the Channel. Others are inclined to the view that it represents the *Great Michael*, the largest wooden ship ever built in the Forth, a vessel "of so great stature and took so much timber, that, except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in life."

The third, and most unlikely explanation of the erection of the tablet is that the stone was brought from Cramond and marks the house which sheltered Mary Queen of Scots, after her escape from Loch Leven Castle. It seems to be a case of "take your choice," but the Armada story appears to be the most likely one.—CYRIL R. ROWSON, Liverpool, 11.



THE MYSTERIOUS CARVED STONE AT NEWHAVEN

See letter: A Possible Link with the Armada

comprises a lion's head in bold relief with two lizards forming the ring.

Perhaps one of your readers can indicate its original purpose. Locally it is sometimes referred to as a sanctuary knocker, but I doubt whether that can be the true explanation.—NORTHERNER, Leeds.

A POSSIBLE LINK WITH THE ARMADA

SIR,—While passing along one of the narrow streets of the little fishing port of Newhaven, near Edinburgh, recently, I came across what is probably another Scottish link with the Spanish Armada.

Over the door of a house, close to the post office, my attention was drawn to a tablet, bearing the carving of a ship of the Elizabethan period, also the dates 1588 (Armada year) and 1914, the latter apparently recording when the old house was restored. Below the sculpture of the ship was an inscription, "In the Neam of

IN THE MARCHES OF WALES

SIR,—On the Hereford-Hay road before the war I came across a very pretty cottage with some unique topiary work in the garden, and I send a photograph of it in case you might think it worthy of publication as an addition to your recent notes on such work.—A. H. ROBINSON, Derwent House, West Ayton, Scarborough, Yorkshire.



TOPIARY WORK AS A SETTING FOR AN OLD COTTAGE

See letter: In the Marches of Wales

It keeps 'em flying...



A secret of the beaches

Vehicles bogged in deep shingle sitting targets for the defenders. To obtain flotation, tyre pressures are dropped as low as 10-15 lbs. Wheels begin to pull through but the tyres revolve on their rims and valves tear out the vehicles are still sitting targets.

This was the alarming situation disclosed during invasion tests.

Yet, on D-day our fighting vehicles charged the beaches and treacherous shingle without bogging. The reason? The spring type bead-lock — a Firestone invention developed with Toledo Woodhead Springs Ltd., Sheffield — locked tyres to rims even at pressures as low as 10 lbs.

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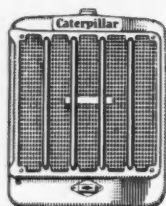
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FARMING NOTES

THE WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE

WHY is the world short of food? This question was put to a Farmers' Brains Trust recently, and the answers roused a good deal of interest among the audience. One man said that he did not believe that the world is really short of food. To support his view, he quoted the increases in production here and in America. Crop yields had been increased by 20 per cent. in the United States through the rapid adoption of hybrid corn—that is, specially bred strains of maize—and the increased use of fertilisers. Corn is the foundation for much of America's livestock production. Millions of pigs are fed there on corn and corn silage is one of the mainstays in feeding dairy cows. America is producing all this extra food and the other chief agricultural countries are continuing to produce at much the same rate as before the war and there cannot be any real world shortage of food, so he argued.

Production in America

NO doubt it is a fact that American production has increased greatly, as ours has here. It is also a fact that the American consumption of meat and dairy products and also poultry and eggs has leapt ahead. Wages have soared in the States, and they have never had a strict system of food rationing. I have heard it said that the ordinary consumer in America is now eating as much meat as before the war and that the American man in uniform is eating 25 per cent. more meat than the average consumption before the war. If this is true, it is not surprising that the United States Forces in the Pacific are drawing heavily on the production of Australia and New Zealand to meet their requirements. I suspect that the output of meat and dairy products from Australia and New Zealand has been set back in the last year or two.

Australia's Difficulties

AUSTRALIA certainly has had a difficult droughty season, and judging by a train conversation with an Australian airman last week their farms are extremely short of labour. He said that his uncle, who owns about 1,000 acres and formerly ran a dairy herd of 120 cows, growing all the food for them, now has the help of only one man and his daughter. Some of the cows have gone and he is not able to manage the rest as well as he would like. My train acquaintance had just finished his last tour of operations and should now be on his way back to Australia. He means to farm on his own account one day, and in the meantime to work for his uncle. The third occupant of the railway carriage was an American captain who had just come back from Germany. After campaigning in Europe with the tanks since D-Day he had some pithy remarks about the well-fed appearance of the German civilians. They are, he said, in the pink of condition, and no wonder, as they have been drawing food supplies from all over Europe. They have not, according to him, felt the pinch of war at all, and they must be taught some hard lessons. The German prisoners we have in this country should be made to work hard repairing war damage and producing food for those whom the Nazis starved. He feared that the German prisoners shipped to America would get too soft treatment.

Continent Hungry

BUT I am digressing from the original question. The Continent of Europe undoubtedly is short of food. Means of production have been brought to a standstill where the war

has raged fiercely. Holland, we know, has been particularly hard hit and it will take some time for France to recover her self-sufficiency. So many thousands of her young men have been captives that the fields of France cannot produce a full harvest this year. So far as we in this country are concerned, we must, I am sure, proceed in the belief that the world is short of food and that we must produce as much as we possibly can for ourselves. It is on the livestock production side that our diet will be short.

Livestock Increase

I WISH I could see a bigger response to the Government's gesture in promising additional rations for pigs and poultry. There will no doubt be some expansion, but it is not easy in these days to start new livestock units on general farms. Where there is a dairy herd it is difficult enough to find milkers who will stay on the job over the week-end. Poultry and pigs also involve duties on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. It may be possible to train two land girls to do what one man would have done before the war, and this will allow time off at the week-ends. Men are not keen to take on extra work while P.A.Y.E. absorbs so much of the extra money they earn in overtime for staying on the job at the week-end. Some people say that farm-workers should be excused paying income-tax on their week-end earnings. This would suit the farming industry all right, but I cannot see the Chancellor of the Exchequer allowing one section of the community to have such favoured treatment. There are about 13 million income-tax payers in the country as a whole, and a good many of them do some work at the week-ends.

A New Fly-Killer

THE Americans seem to have discovered an effective fly-killer. For years, pyrethrum has been known to have the power to knock down flies on contact. It is the basis of most fly sprays. During the war we have heard a good deal about a new chemical called D.D.T., and the Americans have been testing this as a fly spray, with excellent results. Sprayed on walls or screens one treatment remains effective for three months. Now they have found a plant that grows in Mexico containing a substance even more poisonous to flies than pyrethrum. So between these three products we should be able to keep our cow byres and also our houses clear of flies once the manufacturers can get busy producing them. I am afraid that will not be before this year's fly season is upon us.

Promising Crops

NATURE has been wonderfully kind to the 1945 crops. I have never seen the country looking so well as it does at this time. Some of the late-sown wheat is, it is true, a little thin in places, and some fields had to be patched with Spring corn, but where the ground lay wet in the early Winter. But the wonderful March weather when everyone could get ahead with sowing oats and barley and then pushing on to potato-planting made amends for a rough Winter. The rain came just when it was needed, and now all the arable fields look a picture. There is plenty of growth too in the young leys now, and there will be some good hay cut from them. Some of the old meadows have not made much bottom growth and the hay crop will not be an extra heavy one. We wanted a good hay crop this year, as there are very few ricks of old hay left on the farms in my part of the country.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE OUTLOOK FOR REAL PROPERTY

THE phenomenal success with which the real property market has withstood the shocks of the last five or six years—and it had been in a pessimistic mood for some time before war actually broke out—encourages the hope that, now hostilities are ended, still brighter days are in store for it. Unlike the market for stocks and shares, real property dealings are comparatively leisurely, and outbreaks of enthusiastic activity cannot be expected, but, on the other hand, an upward turn of values one day and an evident decline on that following are alien to the market.

A LONG VIEW NEEDED

To ascertain the trend of values of real estate it is necessary to study particular properties or classes of property throughout quite a long period. It is necessary also to bear in mind that, although V.E.-Day has brought relief from many grueling anxieties, they concerned possibilities of a specialised type, such as the fear of the destruction of property, and that not a few of the results of the war will persist and must still be reckoned with. Taxation must remain at a very high level, the local rating of all types of hereditament is more likely to increase than to decrease, and a vast outlay, by no means all of it recoverable as war damage, will have to be made to bring property back to something like its pre-war state. The last-named expenditure will have to be made, despite the high and rising costs of labour and materials. There is also the disadvantage of a body of war-time enactments which will continue to make the management of property very difficult.

CHANGES IN CHARACTER

ESPECIALLY affecting the more valuable residential quarters of London is the influx into them of evacuees, who will be unable to return for a long while yet to their original districts. Even the profitable transfer of some important mansions and blocks of flats to commercial use will not prove beneficial to owners who can offer only residential accommodation that may have suffered from the change of character of a locality. Mayfair, for example, may conceivably be shorn of its attractions residentially for many of the more affluent owners or tenants if, close to their mansions, all the noise and bustle of big business is let loose. In the West-end, as in the City and its outskirts, and in every suburb, the prospects of property depend to a great degree on the progress that may be possible in replanning and rebuilding cleared areas. Another factor is the change that has been wrought in existing premises. Flats or buildings that were at first intended as flats have been fundamentally changed to adapt them as offices, many of the largest mansions have suffered a similar fate, and the Squares, once so prized for their privacy and beauty, now lie open to entry, and often misuse, by the public. From the standpoint of the receipt of rentals City property cannot be a very attractive proposition while acres of vacant and desolate sites are sadly eloquent of forced removal to other districts. War-time dealings with property have produced a heavy crop of litigation, and the likelihood of costly proceedings to protect ownership and tenancy is foreshadowed, in the matter of the re-arrangement of sites and frontages and the decision of disputes about the valuation of property taken under compulsory powers. The purely investment aspect of real estate in the near future needs consideration from the angle of the

new openings for the use of capital at home and abroad, and the fact that some of those openings may seem to promise a more remunerative scope than real property. A great volume of what is called "idle" funds will be poured into ventures which, we may be sure, will be presented in the rosiest light to the investing public.

THE COMPARATIVELY WELL PLACED

LESS liable to feel some of the disadvantages resulting from the war are residential freeholds of moderate acreage in districts that have escaped any serious war damage, and, yet more, those in positions where amenity has not suffered. In many districts golf and fishing, and perhaps shooting, may not be much affected, but fox-hunting in some counties must suffer from the creation of vast airfields, and the defence works and other remains of military activity. Many thousands of houses and other property have already been de-requisitioned, but many others cannot be freed for some time to come. Other properties that, until 1939, were in private occupation have finally passed into the possession of business concerns, schools and institutions. The magnitude of the task of clearing commons and other public open spaces can be judged by the debris now littering some of them. It has been pointed out in these columns that the disposal of the concrete, the barbed wire and other material is in itself a formidable problem. Years must elapse before the impairment of landscape by the felling of woods can be remedied, and the afforestation programme, in so far as it implies the planting of ordered rows of conifers, will give some districts an altered aspect.

CIRCUMSPECTION ADVISABLE

PLAINLY, before deciding on taking a tenancy or buying, prospective tenants or owners will do well to extend their preliminary enquiries to entire districts, for however satisfactory in itself any property may seem to be, the present and future character of its environment will need consideration. Bearing on the question of values is the fact that, until some very definite decision has been reached regarding development, it is unsafe to rely on latent building value proving of much use as an eventual means of reducing the net outlay in acquiring a property. So many authorities now have a say about development that what one may sanction another may veto, and frontages that could have accommodated houses or other premises may have to be left alone, and therefore produce neither rentals nor contributions to purchase-money. Another restraining influence is the heavy expense of making good the damage done by five years of virtual neglect. This is a very serious item in houses that have been empty a long while, whether in town or country, a deadly foe not always easy to detect being dry rot. Equally destructive is the lack of painting, and the wise buyer will adjust his offer in the light of these or similar liabilities in any property he may consider.

TO SUM UP

VALUES are likely to be maintained, if not to reveal any substantial advance, and the inherent stability of real estate will continue as its prime and basic attraction. This consideration is appreciated by present owners and explains why the best and biggest opportunities of buying are still mainly owing to executors' sales.

ARBITER.



Painted by Rupert Shephard.

ADA CRAWLEY is a Londoner and proud of it. She was born at Rotherhithe on Thames-side. She is one of the tens of thousands of women who have joined I.C.I. during the war. Evacuated from London with her young daughter during the "blitz" of 1940, she entered a paint factory and soon became proficient in a job unusual for a woman. Mrs. Crawley works what is known as a "triple roller mill". This consists of three power-driven granite rollers revolving so that their accurately machined surfaces are separated by a hair's breadth. On to these surfaces, as they revolve, pigment and oil are fed, and the pieces of pigment—or colour—are crunched and squashed into the oil. The result is a product smooth as butter and as even in texture as velvet, which forms the basis of the colour which is incorporated into paints. Unless the operation receives the care which Mrs. Crawley bestows upon it, and unless the pigment is microscopically dispersed in the oil, the shade of the final paint is likely to be impaired. Even in war-time, when "utility" quality must be accepted in so many products, the shade of a paint may be of the first importance. For example, in one size of shell alone there are 14 different colour schemes to distinguish each shell according to its purpose. Similarly the shade and texture of the camouflage paints on tanks, ships, planes and buildings affect the degree of protection afforded to the men in them. Today Mrs. Crawley's work is a vital link in the production of paint for the national effort. Tomorrow, if she decides to return to look after her family, she will have become a critic of the quality of the paint she is offered for her home.





As yet there are not many

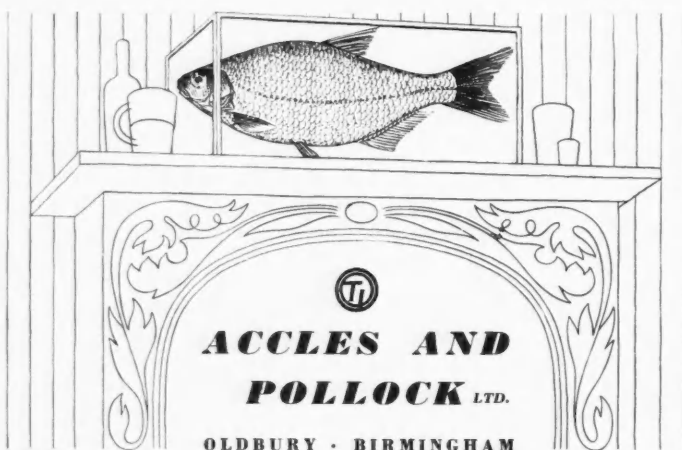
cased specimens of fish whose downfall can be traced

to Apollo Tubular Steel Fishing Rods.

The war interfered with that. So, instead of making claims,

we are leaving it to the future, and to the rods themselves,

to show what they are made of.



In War . . .

In Peace . . .

Y. W. C. A.
always



FOR over five years of war, Service women have found comfort and a welcome at Y.W.C.A. Centres in every theatre of operations, at home and overseas.

But many people do not know that during this period the permanent work of the Y.W.C.A. in clubs, hostels and holiday houses, started ninety years ago, has steadily increased throughout the country.

Peace will bring many problems and women who have used the war-time centres will look to the Association to help them in the days ahead.

BLUE TRIANGLE WEEK

MAY 26th to JUNE 2nd

CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE WELCOMED
BY YOUR LOCAL CENTRE OR BY HON.
TREASURER, Y.W.C.A. NATIONAL OFFICES,
GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.



NEW BOOKS

"DEAR EXCELLENT SIR HOWARD"

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IN the innumerable memoirs and histories of Queen Victoria's reign, not much is heard of Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone. Yet when Elphinstone died, the Queen wrote to the Duke of Connaught: "Few if any gentlemen ever were on such confidential terms with me as dear excellent Sir Howard was, and such an impartial wise counsellor and adviser you will never find again."

CONFIDENTIAL TERMS

It was because of these "confidential terms" on which Elphinstone stood with the Queen that others have overlooked him, and he was not the man to put himself forward. Yet between him and the Queen there was

It gives me a pang if any fault is found in his looks and character, and the bare thought of his growing out of my hands and being exposed to danger—makes the tears come into my eyes."

This brief paragraph is enough to show how tricky was the job that Captain Elphinstone took on. How he discharged it may be gathered from the affection which Prince Arthur had for his governor as long as he lived, and from the way in which the Queen's letters gradually enlarged their scope and, from being terse messages about the business in hand, became the sort of letter which one friend sends to another.

Elphinstone seems to have had some excellent ideas, not all of which was he allowed to carry out. He was

THE QUEEN THANKS SIR HOWARD.

By *Mary Howard McClintock* (John Murray, 18s.)

THE INGENIOUS MR. STONE. By *Robert Player* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

REPRIEVE. By *Warwick Deeping* (Cassell, 9s. 6d.)

a voluminous correspondence. Her letters to him were kept by his widow, and in due course came into the hands of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Howard McClintock. The other side of the correspondence, Sir Howard's letters to the Queen, were found by Mrs. McClintock bound into the volumes of Confidential Family Papers at the Duke of Connaught's home, Bagshot Park. Now the story, from both sides, is given to us in Mrs. McClintock's book *The Queen Thanks Sir Howard* (John Murray, 18s.).

The book opens up no new prospect, but it clarifies and enlarges the already known. The almost fanatical devotion to Prince Albert, the plunge into the abyss of gloom on his death, the distrust of her eldest son, the liking for the young Arthur (who was with us till so recently as the Duke of Connaught)—all these things come up once more out of this correspondence with a servant who was always trusted and came in time to be loved.

It was in January of 1859 that young Captain Elphinstone, who had won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, took up his duties as "governor" to Prince Arthur who was then 8½ years old. The appointment was made by the Prince Consort, and that, of course, was lucky for Elphinstone. One could hardly imagine the Queen ever wanting to change a landmark that Albert had put up. To begin with, the appointment was for one year. It lasted for thirty-one. To the child, the boy, the youth, the man, Sir Howard remained the counsellor and good friend, and seeing that Arthur was Victoria's favourite child, her pen flowed on about him to Sir Howard, and Sir Howard's letters dutifully flowed back.

Victoria's feeling for Arthur is expressed in a memorandum which she addressed to the Prince Consort just before Elphinstone came on the scene. "This Child is dear, dearer than any of the others put together, thus after you he is the dearest and most precious object to me on Earth. . . .

well aware of the cramping effect court life could have on the character of a growing boy, and to counteract this he wanted to be allowed to take Prince Arthur occasionally to Eton, instead of having selected Eton boys sent to play with him. But this was not permitted.

THE NAUGHTY PRINCE

The Queen was fond of contrasting the naughtiness of the Prince of Wales with Arthur's excellence. Elphinstone noted in his Journal: "The Queen said 'with the Prince of Wales . . . one had to contend with an unhappy temper, incapacity of concentrating his mind and defective mental qualities. Prince Arthur cannot be accused of having these failings; he is, on the contrary, very bright with his answers. The Prince of Wales really cannot be made to look at a book unless during lessons. One cannot fix his attention even on a novel. In fact he would wish to be doing absolutely nothing whatever; throw himself down on a chair, or else on the good nature of others.'"

Elphinstone seems to have been well enough aware of what the real trouble was with the Prince of Wales. It is on record that he said: "If given occupation, the Prince of Wales will be sure to go right, but I fear the Queen is not disposed to let him interfere in public."

Only once did Elphinstone make a first-class blunder. He had taken Prince Arthur to Rosenau, which had been the Prince Consort's home, and in a letter to Victoria he spoke badly of the weather! Incredible treason to the princely ghost! He received a long letter which the vulgar would call a stinker. He was instructed that so far as the air of Rosenau went he "must not be" unfavourably impressed. Had not the Prince and his brother "regularly lived at the dear Rosenau from the beginning of May till October"; and she knows that "Dr. Jenner (even last year when we had a good deal of rain and cold in August and September) considered the

situation, air and soil as peculiarly wholesome."

This was the only time that Elphinstone seems to have forgotten that no one near the Queen could safely overlook the ghost of Albert. She had given him warning enough. When Albert died, she wrote to the young Arthur that "dear Major will constantly remind you of your terrible loss"; and to Elphinstone himself she wrote regretting that the boy was away too much—not experiencing the atmosphere of "that sad and fatherless home."

HAPPY WITH GRIEF

Though she was destined to live so long and happily with her grief, she liked to pretend that she would not last for many years. She wrote asking Elphinstone to continue in his appointment for another four years. It would have been, she said, her "precious Angel" wish "to ask him to continue for four years more, that is to say till the end of the year '66, if D.V. Arthur and Leopold should (as the Queen trusts and says they may be alive at that time) so she doubts (and she hopes) she may no longer be in this World) in his present position as Governor to the 2 Princes."

A rather incoherent outburst. However, she was to see Sir Howard out, what happened; and she had the grace to know and to acknowledge that in this she had a good and loyal servant. One cannot help wondering whether things would have gone somewhat differently if Elphinstone had been governor to the Prince of Wales.

A novel by Robert Player called *The Ingenious Mr. Stone* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) is introduced by the publisher as "the best first detective story that has come our way since the first Michael Innes."

It was this that made me read the book, for I am not much of a one for detective novels. However, I was glad I made the venture, for Mr. Player has the real stuff of a novelist in him. So far as the "detection" element of the book goes, it is the usual far-fetched, complicated and incredible nonsense, and, with little hope that my appeal will have any effect, I ask Mr. Player to use his considerable gifts in a different direction while yet there is time for him to save his soul alive!

This story is set in a Torquay high-class girls' boarding-school and in a select hotel situated in a lonely spot on the Scottish border. Note the author's fine sense of atmosphere, how, when he writes of Torquay, we are in Torquay, and how, when he writes of the Border, we are there.

GRASP OF CHARACTER

Note, next, his firm grasp of character. He has a large gallery, and every one of them, except the murderer, a laughable creature of straw, is a well-observed human being, speaking and acting with an individual accent. Mr. Player has Dickens's gift of making you see the external man and woman, as well as feel the inwardness; so that you have a physical sense of recognition when you come upon one or another. This is a thing few novelists bother about to-day. I think it has value.

Another thing is that Mr. Player has a gift for ironical writing. The whole character of Miss Sophie Coppock, B.A., is built up of fine ironical strokes. Altogether, a promising writer, who can be enjoyed even when he writes a detective novel!

I am not saying that a writer has only to switch over to "straight" fiction in order to achieve excellence.

Far from it! Consider Mr. Warwick Deeping who has given us already sixty novels, and yet considers it necessary to give us a sixty-first! This is called *Reprieve* (Cassell, 9s. 6d.), and is all about a "little man" named Valentine Brown, misunderstood by his wife and children, and told by a Harley Street specialist that he has cancer and will be dead in six months.

So off he goes on his own to enjoy life while he may in European travel. He at once falls in with a beautiful typist who has saved enough to have one good fling before treading the dreary middle-aged rut. They fall in love. Despite wife, cancer and all the rest she is his devotedly. But you know the mistakes these Harley Street chaps make. Valentine hasn't got cancer at all! He was never better; and though his wife won't divorce him, he settles down happily with his girl, having enough money for the pair of them to do nothing ever afterwards. It's all fustian that slides round the dilemmas of human relationship and conduct by pretending that they don't exist.

TWO POETS

THE "B. T." beloved of so many countrymen and country lovers in his capacity of nature writer in prose, reappears as a poet proper in *The Poems of a Countryman* (Michael Joseph, 6s.) by Sir William Beach Thomas. And yet what is a poet proper? Certainly it is "B. T." when he writes prose; a little less certainly it is the same man writing in verse form. For just occasionally it is the sport of gods to produce a human being whose natural element is poetry expressed in prose; such a rarity is "B. T." So, as we read and enjoy these poems, we are teased all the time by a feeling that somewhere round the corner is "B. T." expressing the same sentiments in words somehow a shade more cogent or felicitous. Yet how good the words often are, making us hover uncertainly between "B. T." and Sir William! How beautiful are the poems, *Exit Mysterium*, *February Dawn* and *Winter Thrush*. How charming is *Garden Philosophy*:

The world and all its mad affairs
Are drowned within our sweet-briar
airs.

Its vulgar treasures who can heed
Watching a moth upon a weed?
Sir William's declared object is "to save natural poetry from the intellectuals." He does it here; can we help it if "B. T." does it even a little better?

Teresa Hooley's poems, *The Singing Heart* (Muller, 6s.), take their title from her moving tribute to Richard Spender, the young poet.

Born of an English Spring, for
whose sake he died,
and whose work, because of its unfinished fulfilment and his early death, she likens to

a blossoming thorn . . .

White flowers of beauty, alight upon
a wounding black stem . . .

Miss Hooley is a keen social and political thinker, a rebel who never hesitates to pour out her rebellions in words brought to a white heat by things that have seared her spirit or affronted her sensitive mind. There are also lighter poems, born of affection; notably, one to Nancy Price and another to her dog, the latter marred, however, by one flagrant grammatical error. But it is in actual song, rounded and brief, that Teresa Hooley excels; in such a poem of ecstasy as *Spring in Somerset*:

And hark! O'er bracken'd hill and
vale

The cuckoo's dual notes of dream . . .
or in the throbbing passion of *Finem Respite*:

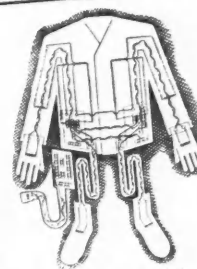
Burn, heart, with the burning tree—
Oak, ash, and beech aglow,
Lest this wild autumn be
The last that you shall know.

V. H. F.

The Windak suit in use No. 3

"Turn on
the HEAT"

Electrical arteries circulate warmth to every part of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT). Simple press studs connect electric gloves and boots. A



plug has only to be pushed into the plane's supply socket for the whole outfit to function at once.

Other WINDAK features are comfort, freedom of movement, ventilation, quick release, flexibility. Ample pocket room.



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I wonder if WINDAK
will adapt this idea
for post-war motoring?

You bet they will!



INNER CLEANLINESS is the first rule of health

Even the fittest of us occasionally need the tonic of Inner Cleanliness with Andrews. Those who follow this rule, along with the other sensible health habits of eating wisely, getting as much sleep, fresh air and exercise as possible, will be going a long way towards keeping themselves fit. For Inner Cleanliness take a glass of cleansing, refreshing Andrews—regularly, if that way suits your system better; or now and again, whenever Nature indicates the need for its health-giving aid. That is one of the advantages of Andrews. You can adjust the frequency to suit yourself. Andrews is the ideal form of laxative. Pleasant-tasting, Gentle, yet reliable. Suits young and old. See how Andrews cleanses:—

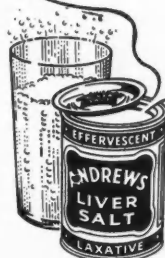
FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY . . . For Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

Family size tin 2/-
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PHOTOGRAPH: DERMOT CONOLLY

GLAMOUR AT NIGHT

deep fuchsia, pansy blue. When the *décolletage* is high to the throat, the dresses are worn with collars of fresh mixed flowers, with antique Persian or Indian necklaces; or with collars of sequins and beads. Massive clips are pinned to one side of the cut-out *décolletage*, or a spray of flowers is pinned across the bottom of a wedge shape. Everything is bright and cheerful, for glamour is returning again at night.

Among the very many pretty frocks I have seen I remember particularly a charming chalk-white crêpe at Walpoles with a pointed shield-like front and the chalk-white material gathered to it and fitting closely to the figure. The sleeves were ruched and just slipped over the elbow, the *décolletage* cut to a heart shape. This was the perfect dress to wear with antique gold and turquoise or garnet bracelet, earrings, necklace, or a massive brooch pinned on one shoulder. Marshall and Snelgrove are featuring the dolman sleeve, long and tapering to the wrist, and a high, plain neckline. They make such dresses in delicate flower-tinted lamé or in rich-coloured crêpes. Madame Mosca of Jacquar shows a deep hyacinth blue dinner dress with folded cape sleeves, that

- Worth's dinner dress in flame-roumaine with twisted drape on the waistline and a wedge-shaped *décolletage*

ANKLE-LENGTH dinner gowns are being worn again in London for private entertaining, and some charming models are being shown in the Summer collections. The dresses are cut on simple lines often folded across to one side somewhere on the waistline and usually again to a point of the *décolletage* with sleeves—folded and minute, elbow-length,

or long and tight. These *décolletages* are low and V-shaped, or higher and cut out to a heart, wedge, square or horseshoe shape at the base of the throat. With their long, straight lines the dresses are elegant and slim-making; the heavy matt materials from which they are made are the kind that fall into statuesque folds. Colours are chalk-white, black, aquamarine, flame, brick-dust,

just cover the top of the arm, and the skirt looped to one side, rather reminiscent of a harem skirt. The bodice is folded and looped as well and the *décolletage* rather low and cut to three points. Molyneux is making sheath dresses and tunic dresses slim as a pillar with plain tops cut high to the throat and tiny sleeves. He flashes them with a second colour for facings, tassels,

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and distinction

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in Tweeds &
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*In sizes to fit
most figures from
36 to 44 hips*

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in smart suiting for
present wear **£18**
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We've started Something



A well tailored hand-
blocked felt hat
styled with the
inimitable Jaeger
flair for fashion.
Wear it to match
your mood;
with Parisian chic
or casual elegance.
In many colours.

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204, REGENT ST., W.1, OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER

Peter Robinson



(Left) A Delightful Sea Blue Crepe Jumper Suit,
with original printed design in nigger brown.
Note the three deep pleats in
the front of skirt.

PRICE **£14**
Sizes 38, 40, 42.

(Right) Model of Woven Tie Silk in Black/White
design for the Coat—perfectly tailored and lined
with White Art Taffetas. The Streamline Skirt is
of Black Face Cloth.

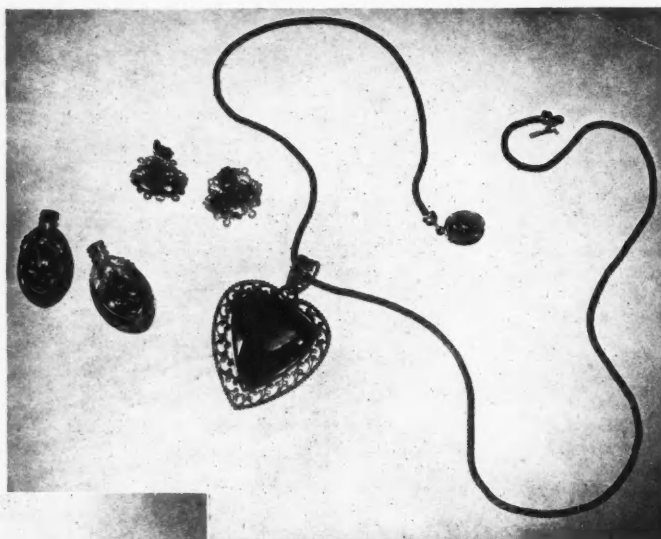
PRICE **£27**

Not sent on approval.

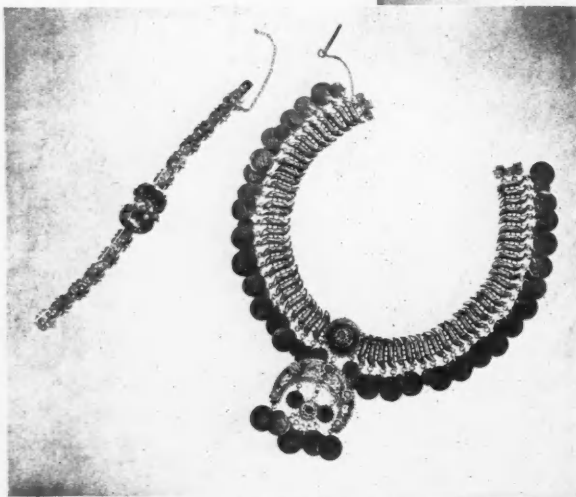
PETER ROBINSON LTD.
Oxford Street and Regent Street, London, W.1

or sash, and slashes the tight skirts to give a free movement in walking.

THE patterned crêpe dresses form another group. They are cut on the same lines as the plain, in the same heavy materials and the design usually well covers the light ground. Strassner shows oranges and lemons, both the fruit and the blossom with foliage, on a white ground. Hartnell has a brilliant orange crêpe, patterned in blue and fawn and a white printed with violets. Jacqmar are making



(Above) Amethyst heart on a long gold chain and amethyst ear-rings—delightful on black, white or cyclamen—and ear-rings to match the bracelet in the photograph on the left



(Left) Turquoise and gold bracelet, Persian filigree necklace. Debenham & Freebody

up their graceful Chinese print of dragon and lotus flower where the pattern twines and intertwines over a pale, clear ground. A few dinner dresses in rare French taffeta showed quite a different line with a tight bodice on top of a full, gathered skirt. Some were printed with large showy flowers, others with small plaids in mixed pastels. Usually there is only enough material for two or three frocks at the most from each bolt. Strassner showed faille for a black and white evening skirt with a high corselet belt worn with a black tulle blouse.

For wearing over the many slim elegant frocks, there are capes, boleros and box jackets in flat furs which are tailored like satin or velvet. There is one at Debenham and Freebody's, collarless, absolutely plain, in ermine dyed a rich cocoa brown. It is a most lovely colour and a very useful jacket. Mink capes are worked in a sunray effect at the back and are wrist length. Sealskin capes are finger-tip length with padding on the shoulders and turndown collars. The plain tailored day-time jackets are also worn a lot at night which is a point well worth considering when allotting one's coupons to their purchase.

A scarlet cloth reefer jacket is gay over a slim black frock and the neutral-coloured ones over the fashionable pale blues.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



JOHN GAY (1693-1732)
Wrote the Beggars' Opera

*'Let firm well hammered
soles protect thy feet*

*Thro' freezing snows, and rains,
and soaking sleet.*

*Should the big last extend the
shoe too wide,*

*Each stone will wrench the
unwary step aside;*

*The sudden turn may stretch
the swelling vein,*

*The cracking joint unhinge, or
ankle sprain;*

*And when too short the modish
shoes are worn,*

*You'll judge the seasons by your
shooting corn.'*

—John Gay (1693-1732)

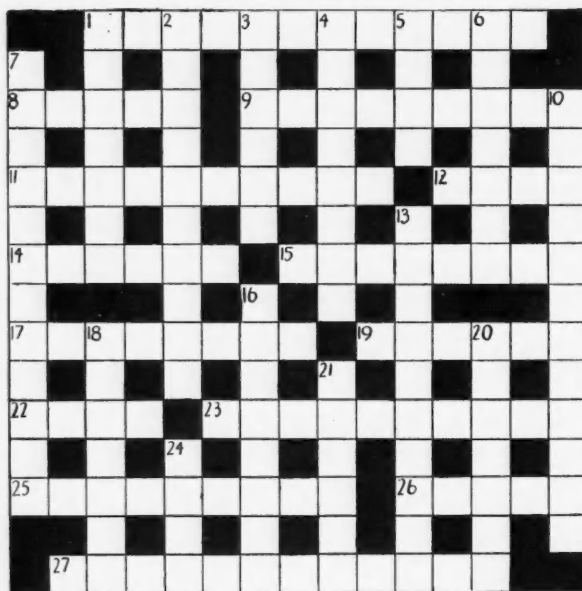
If John Gay had known Propert's Leather Soap he could have told us that it prevents cracking and keeps leather clean and supple under all conditions.

PROPERT'S
LEATHER & SADDLE SOAP
from all good shoe shops and saddlers

CROSSWORD No. 800

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 800, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, May 31, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
Mr., Mrs., etc.

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 799. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 18, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Watch and ward; 8, Interns; 9, Soot-bag; 11, Halidom; 12, Domingo; 13, Lists; 14, Night safe; 16, Next to you; 19, Broke; 21, Expense; 23, Younger; 24, Oxonian; 25, Assuage; 26, Identity card. DOWN.—1, Wattles; 2, Tirades; 3, Hush money; 4, Nosed; 5, Wool mat; 6, Robinia; 7, Michelangelo; 10, Gooseberries; 15, Gaudy lady; 17, Xiphoid; 18, Tension; 19, Blue sea; 20, On guard; 22, Ennui.

ACROSS.

1. Security wedding? It may not strike you as such! (1, 6, 5)
8. Obviously a rising man (5)
9. Just bowling along (9)
11. Impulsive eruption on the part of a stinger? Not really (10)
12. Bandy words (4)
14. Or a din might point out the way (6)
15. An almost plump fruit producer (4, 4)
17. At the Canterbury pace (8)
19. A churchman ends up with the Irish police force (6)
22. "And then there was ——" —Ten Little Nigger Boys (4)
23. As useful to a photographer as to an outside rider (5, 5)
25. Turn out (9)
26. Fine silk net (5)
27. Foot-warmers? (7, 5)

DOWN.

1. Somewhat biting judge! (7)
2. One who is competent in the van Mr. Churchill, putting it mildly (4, 6)
3. Whole (6)
4. You reflexively (8)
5. Lover's handyman (4)
6. The barber's ship, one might say (7)
7. Should one anger Frank to obtain the gum? (12)
10. They sound as if their citizens were all horticulturists (6, 6)
13. Time, be calm (anagr.) (10)
16. A dear meal, poet? (2, 2, 4)
18. Little Ann is eager to make some cotton trousers (7)
20. Money almost resulting from troubles (7)
21. The black girl has lost her top-knot (6)
24. A standing order (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 799 is

S/Ldr. C. P. L. Firth,

Compton Durville,

South Petherton, Somerset.